

AN
ESSAY
ON
POETRY;

Written by the
Marquis of NORMANBY,

John...
And the same render'd into LATIN by another Hand,

With several other POEMS, viz.

An Epistle to the Lord Chamberlain, on His Majesty's Victory in IRELAND; By the Honourable Mr. Montague.

An Epistle to the Honourable Mr. Montague, on His Majesty's Voyage to HOLLAND; By Mr. Stepny.

An Epistle to Monsieur Boileau; by Mr. Arwaker.

A Poem on the Promotion of several Eminent Persons in Church and State; by Mr. Tate.

To which are added the following POEMS,
Never before in Print, viz.

*An ODE in Memory of the late QUEEN;
by a Person of Quality.*

*A POEM on the Late Horrid Conspiracy;
by Mr. Stepny.*

London, Printed for F. Saunders, at the Blue Anchor in the Lower-Walk
of the New-Exchange in the Strand, MDCXCVII.

THE 22ND VOLUME

OF

POETRY

Written by the

MILITARY OF NORMANBY

And the same rendered into LATIN by another Hand

With several other POEMS &c.

As appears in the last Chapter of the History of the

Honourable Mr. Montagu

in his Letter to the Honorable Mr. Montagu on

the Matter of the King to HOLLAND

by Mr. Stoughton

An Essay to a new Poem by Mr. Ainsworth

A Poem on the Promotion of several Bishops

in Church and State by Mr. Tate

To which are added the following POEMS

Never before in Print

AN ODE in Memory of the late Q. D. E. H. N.

by a Person of Quality

A POEM on the late Horrid Conspiracy

by Mr. Stoughton

London Printed for R. Smeath, at the Blue Anchor in the Strand MDCXCVII
of the first Printing in the Strand MDCXCVII

To the Honourable

Sir Robert Howard,
One of His Majesty's Most Honourable Privy-Council, &c.

SIR,

THE Collecting into One Volume Several Choice Poems that were first Printed singly, met with so kind Reception as encourag'd the Publishing of the following Pieces together. Amongst the Former your celebrated *Duel of the Stags* made a Principal Figure; as indeed it will always shine a fixed Star in the highest Orb of English Poetry. Great and Eminent as you are in other Stations, yet I hope, Sir, you will not disdain to be Register'd amongst the Sons of Apollo. The Off-springs of your Muse are so Beautiful, that Great Britain is proud of 'em; and if you are not equally pleas'd with 'em, 'tis the first Instance of your Indifference towards any thing that does Honour to your Country. She glories that your Genius has not been confin'd to any single Walk of Poetry, but travers'd all its Provinces, and (like Hercules) every where erected Pillars and Trophies, to be gaz'd upon with wonder by Posterity. Nature and Art are equal sharers in all you Write; and whatever the Subject has been, Invention, Spirit, Manly Sense and Judgment are never wanting to adorn it. You are, Sir, deservedly Admir'd for the Ingenuity of your Own Works, and no less for your generous Candour to the Performances of Other Men. You are no rigid Censurer of
A 2
their

The Dedication.

their Faults, but their Excellencies never escape your Observation. This is the Noblest Part of Criticism, as requiring not only a discerning Apprehension, but a Goodness of Temper which is not always found in Persons of Wit.

But, Sir, besides the Honour you have done the Muses in their own Faculty, you have further advanc'd their Reputation, by shewing the World that a Poet can likewise be a Statesman and Patriot of his Country. To your Knowledge in all the Liberal Sciences, you have acquir'd that Nobler Skill in the Constitution of our Government, and exerted it upon all Occasions in behalf of English Liberty and Property. You have not contented your self with the private Exercise of Justice and Generosity, but have shewn a Publick Spirit, employing your great Sense and Sagacity in matters of National Importance. What you have written with relation thereunto, and what has been spoken by you in Debates of Vastest Consequence, had no small Influence on the Government of our State. These are inviting occasions for Panegyric, but above my small Capacity: Wherefore I return to my first Design of presenting to you the following Collection of Poems, amongst which I know but One that needs any Apology. But I have atton'd for That, by preacing to be here Publish'd an Ode on her late Majesty, (never before Printed) which, perhaps, is the Truest Picture of her Virtues that has been drawn. I was only permitted to know that the Author is a Person of Quality, which appears by that easy and agreeable Air, by that Justness and Decency, both in Thought and Expression, that shines through every Stanza.

Sir, I shall no farther trespass on your precious Minutes, only to beg Pardon for this Address, and Permission to Subscribe my self,

Your Honour's

most Devoted

Humble Servant,

N. T A T E.

AN
ESSAY
ON
POETRY:

BY THE
Right HONOURABLE,
THE
EARL of MULGRAVE.

The Second Edition.

LONDON,

Printed for *Jo. Hindmarsh*, at the *Golden-Ball*
over against the *Royal Exchange* in
Cornhil. MDCXCI.

A N

Y A S S

Recd Sept 7, 1846

Y A S S
of the
of Cambridge

BY THE
RIGHT HONORABLE

EARL OF MOUNTGRAVE

The Second Edition

LONDON

Printed for J. Bland, at the College Press,
over against the Royal Exchange in
Court-Market

Typographus Lectori.

CUM Paraphraseos hujus forte manus in meas exemplar esset delatum, idque eruditis quibusdam viris non usquequaque displiceret, haud abs re nostra alienum fore visum est, si in Anglici exemplaris Editione hac alterâ, exterorum in gratiam, cum illo pariter typis mandaretur. Te verò, Lector amice, si bene quid de te merui, deprecatorem apud illustrissimum Authorem adscisco, ut ausum hoc æquo animo, & benigniorem in partem pro humanitate sua dignetur interpretari.

ERRATA.

PAG. 1. lin. 1. dele , lin. 12. post *que* del. ad. p. 4. vers. 2. post *supellex* del. ? p. 6. v. 29. pro *occursent* lege *incurfent*. p. 10. v. 8. pro *lenita est*, leg. *lenitur*. p. 12 v. 5. pro *Elegia* leg. *Elegeia*. v. 21. pro *sed*, leg. *sin*. p. 14. nonus & decimus versus communi charactere. p. 14. lin. ult. pro *indignans*, leg. *indignum* ! & pro *nec jam reminiscitur alas* : leg. *celeris neque commovet alas*. p. 22. lin. 19. post *hic* lege *operæ*, pro *operum*. p. 24. v. 11. pro *hinc* inde *inspergat*, lege *inspergat* *pareus*.

TENTAMEN

TENTAMEN
DE

ARTE POETICA

AUTHORE

Comite de MULGRAVE,

Regis nuper JACOBI II.

Hospitii Regii Camerario magno, à Secretioribus
Consiliis, &c.

EX

Anglico Latine Redditum, per J. N. M. A.

TENTAMEN

DE

ARTE POETICA.

I Næx opes varias quævis mens, humana superbit,
 Fert primam rectè scribendi gloria palmam :
 Nec genus est ullum, ceu fructum, sive laborem
 Spectes, (laus magna, at magno molimine constat,)
 Conferri ex minima quod possit parte Poesi :
 Tantùm exstat, gressuque artes supereminet omnes.
 Sed procul à me sit furor impius ille, profano
 Scriptorum ut vulgo, pede si quis claudere certo
 Versiculos possit, tinnituque impleat aures
 Barbarico, sacri dem naminis huius honorem.
 Non vis plus justâ calefacti parte cerebri
 Ignea sufficiat, vani quæ ad fulguris instar
 Perstringitque oculos, medioque extinguitur ictu,
 Ingenii verus vigor, ac vena æmula Solis
 Æternùm nitet, ac proprio fulgore coruscat ;
 Nunc rutilum condit caput inter nubila, victor

Continuò

ESSAYS ON POETRY.

OF things in which Mankind does most excel,
 Nature's chief Master-piece is *Writing well*;
 And of all sorts of *Writing* none there are
 That can the least with *Poetry* compare:
 No kind of Work requires so nice a touch,
 And if *well finish'd*, nothing shines so much;
 But Heav'n forbid we should be so profane,
 To grace the *Vulgar* with that sacred Name;
 'Tis not a flash of *Fancy* which sometimes
 Dazling our Minds, sets off the slightest Rhimes;
 Bright as a Blaze, but in a moment done;
 True Wit is everlasting, like the Sun;
 Which tho sometimes behind a Cloud retir'd,
 Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.

Continuò erumpit, mare, tellus, aethera rident.

Quò mihi verborum, aut rerum quoque laeta supellex?

Quò metrum, dulcique fluentes ægmida versus

Asperior teneras auti nè vox raderet aures?

(Sunt vulgi, nec abesse feram, aut præsentia laudo)

Si Genius desit, si non infusa per artus

Mens agitet molè, & se corpore miscet, ingens

Naturæ sequitur ceu nutum machina Mundi?

Entheus ille calor percurrit singula, verbis

Major, & ingenio sublimior, & Genitorem

Cœlestem referens, oculis impervius ipse

Cuncta aperit, pingitque omnes, neque pingitur ulli.

Nympha potens, hominum requies, divùmque voluptas,

Quas habitas sedes? cerebri num credere fas est

Angusto hospitio tantum se includere Numen?

Quòve proterva fugis, multùm aspernata vocantem

Cùm te difficilem, duramque per otia ploro?

Unde redis? nec opinantem quâ lege revisis,

Intentumque aliò, non dextro tempore cogis

Ad juga? tum pendent opera interrupta, diei

Languent officia, & spernuntur gaudia noctis.

Sentio jam — sed lenis ades, cobibeque furorem:

Judicium sine natura torpetque, jacetque;

Hec sine judicio tantùm est speciosa phrenesis.

Judicio

Number, and Rhime, and that harmonious Sound,
 Which never does the Ear with *Flasiness* wound,
 Are necessary, yet but *vulgar Arts*,
 For all in vain these superficial parts
 Contribute to the Structure of the whole
 Without a *Genius* too; for that's the *Soul*;
 A *Spirit* which inspires the Work throughout,
 As that of *Nature* moves the *World* about;
 A *Heat* which glows in every word that's writ,
 Tis something of *Divine*, and more than *Wit*;
 It self unseen, yet all things by it shown,
 Describing all Men, but describ'd by none.
 Where dost thou dwell? What *Caverns* of the *Brain*
 Can such a vast, and mighty thing, contain?
 When I, at idle hours, in vain thy absence mourn,
 O where dost thou retire? and why dost thou return,
 Sometimes with powerful *Charms* to hurry me away
 From *Pleasures* of the *Night*, and *Business* of the *Day*?
 Ev'n now too far transported, I am fain
 To check thy Course, and use the needful *Rein*.
 As all is *Dullness*, when the *Fancy's* bad,
 So without *Judgment*, *Fancy* is but mad;
 And *Judgment* has a boundless *Influence*,
 Not only in the choice of *Words* or *Sence*,

Judicio ~~hæc~~ opus est, partes quod se adit in omnes,
 Quod mores hominum, quod res, quod temperat orbem,
 Nedum ut scribendi tenui in ratione gubernet.
 Pluma velut calami, vel arundinis, ita volatam
 Promovet, hoc acuit ferrum, vi, pondere donat,
 Hæc cordi arreptit, mentis ratio occupat arcem.
 In varias hîc ut describam carmina classes,

* Divisio Poematis.

|| Horatius.

* Cum numeris, pedibusque suis, cepti exigit ordo.
 Sed quis enim sanus velit hoc decurrere campo
 Per quem magnus equos || Venulini flexit alumnus?
 Illius auspiciis secundas Heliconæ virescentem
 Instruit exemplo qui vatem, moribus ornat,
 Legibus emendat: mendax imitator, ut Echô,
 Quid nisi verborum formæ, manco ordine reddit?
 Solenne est, fateor, seniorum scripta profanâ
 Compilare manu, [sic vasa argentea servi
 Cum furto abstulerint permittant ligna, notasque
 Proque suis jactant] sed quis sibi, cui pudor ac frons
 Tam miseris opibus tam insigni fraude placeret?
 Hoc jure & Sophoclem totum sibi vindicat Actor,

* Pro quavis Tragedia.

* Oedipodem si tu transcripseris Autor habebis.
 Quantò is qui memori recitavit mente Theatro?
 Verùm aliquos liquit undemia plena racemos,
 Fas etiam nobis acquirere paucos, reflexit
 Desuetudo aliquas, tempus, novæ crimina, leges
 Procudere novas: sic rerum postulat usus.
 Quid furto hîc Satyram, cui tot patrimonia pascas?
 Cum vix ulla malis sit terra feracior herbis?
 Quot nec Nilus alit cum occurrant undique monstra?
 Sed neque, plebs vatium, vobis permitto timere,
 Nec vacat, aut Satyræ est morientes figere muscas:
 Destinât bis operam, qui aliqua virtute merentur,
 In melius flecti dociles, monitoribus equi.

Carminibus

But on the *World, on Mankind, and on Men;*
Fancy is but the *Feather* of the *Pen;*
Reason is that substantial useful part,
 Which gains the *Head;* while *fother* wins the *Heart.*
 Here I should all the various *sorts* of *Verse,*
 And the whole *Art* of *Poetry* rehearse,
 But who that *Task* can after *Horace* do?
 The best of *Masters, and Examples* too!
 Ecchoes at best, all we can say is vain,
 Dull the *Design,* and fruitless were the pain;
 'Tis true, the *Ancients* we may rob with ease,
 But who with that sad *Gift* himself can please,
 Without an *Astor's* pride? A *Player's* Art
 Is above his, who writes a *borrowed* part.
 Yet *modern* *Laws* are made for *later* Faults,
 And new *Absurdities* inspire new *Thoughts;*
 What need has *Satyr* then to live on, *Theft*
 When so much *fresh* occasion still is left?
 Fertile our *Soil,* and full of rankest *Weeds,*
 And *Monsters,* worse than ever *Nilus,* breeds;
 But hold, the *Fools* shall have no cause to fear,
 'Tis *Wit* and *Sense* that is the *Subject* here.
 Defects of witty *Men* deserve a *Cure,*
 And those who are so, will ev'n this endure.

Carmina pro-
priè dicta vel
Cantilenæ.

Carminibus ~~quidam~~ ~~facere~~ ~~ut~~ ~~omnia~~ ~~gaudent~~
Carmine quisque suo Crispinus, Apollina nullo,
Nec mora, nec requies, cuicumque est obvius usquam,
Ignotum tristemve petens, discrimine nullo,
Ense venit stricto incurrit, omneque acribus infert.
Hic multos brevitatis, speciesque inducit, videtur,
Verùm alius labor expertis, ac fronte videtur,
Nec tenerum magis est genus, aut operosius ullum.
Namque uti cum filo gemmas longo ordine necis,
(Dilecta armillas, teretia monilia collo)
Mendosas numerus tegit, ac vicina fiat,
Annulus, hoc unam ostentes, nubecula quævis
Apparet, vitiumque oculis subiecta fatetur;
Sic nisi cuncta nitent in carmine, jactet, habenda
Verborum est ratio, ut ne arcessita, locisque
Mota, minus propria, aut immodulata, trahantur,
Dictio sit facilis, sublimis carmine sensus,
Ut neque serpat humi stylus, aut mens nubila capter.
Cum sensum cum verba poliveris, altera cura est
Ut lateat labor, & casus ferat artis honorem:
Tale unum ostendas, & Phyllida salus habeto,
Præcipuè, & partes hæc regula spectat in omnes,
Fœda procul fugias, obscenâque nomina; scurra
Ingenio defectus ad hoc decurrit asyllum.
Polluit ingenium sic Vates nobile, serus
Qui sapuit, moriens sic spurca volumina flevit,
Ipsius ut credam censuræ ignoscere Manes.
Non quòd circuitu blando insinuata voluptas
Displceat senibus, moveat fastidia castis:

Summæ artis
cantilenam
componere.

First then of *SONGS*, which now so much abound, ^{Songs.}
 Without his *Song* no *Fop* is to be found,
 A most offensive *Weapon* which he draws
 On all he meets against *Apollo's Laws*;
 Tho nothing seems more easie, yet no part
 Of *Poetry* requires a *nicer Art*;
 For as in rows of *richest Pearl* there lies
 Many a *Blemish* that escapes our *Eyes*,
 The least of which *Defects* is plainly shewn
 In some *small Ring*, and brings the value down;
 So *Songs* should be to just *Perfection* wrought;
 Yet where can we see one without a fault;
 Exact *Propriety* of Words and Thought?
Expression easie, and the *Fancy* high,
 Yet that not seem to creep, nor this to fly;
 No Words *transpos'd*, but in such order all,
 As, tho hard wrought, may seem by chance to fall.
 Here, as in all things else, is most unfit
 Bare *Ribaldry*, that poor *Pretence* to Wit;
 Such *nauseous Songs* by a late Author made
 Call an *unwilling* Censure on his *Shade*.
 Not that warm *Thoughts* of the transporting Joy,
 Can shock the *chastest*, or the *nicest* cloy;

D. But

Verum immundities, tanta est infcitia, ceptis

Officit ipsa suis, congestum ut inutile lignum

Obruit inceptas cumulado fomite flammæ.

Elegi.

Insurgit graviore tono gravioribus aptus

Materius Elegus, virtutis pangit honores,

Ingenii, formæ decus, & solatia luctus

Exigua, heu! spretos quoties deflevit Amores!

Nequicquam, nam quæ lenita est femina versu

Mentis inops stolidos, varios mutabilis ipsa,

Absurdos sine corde sonos, sine mente figuræ,

(Tetrior haud Strygius pestis caput extulit undæ)

Ultrò ambit mulier, mulier se agnoscit in illis.

Sed melius meritis laudi est censura nocentum,

Arrogat & pretium vilis plebecula paucis:

Quæ favet ingenio, quæ vatem cernit inepto

Æterno illam Elegus donabit gratus honore,

Cedet Laura loco, dediscet fama Corinnam.

Sed quò transversum, quæ nunc per devia raptas

Improbe Amor? sine me spatiis decurrere ceptis.

Non equidem in genere hoc vel vim vel verba requiro;

Nostratum hæc laus est; sed adhuc majore caremus;

Flumineos quanquam vincas dulcedine cignos,

Et proprios habeant vel disticha cuncta lepores,

(Qualia plura, brevi peritura, per ora feruntur.)

Si junctura deest, junctis si partibus ordo,

Altior it sensim, ni copula quæque priori,

Ut qui fallenti scandit vidualia clivo,

Nitenti

But *obscene Words*, too gross to move *Desire*,
 Like Heaps of Jewels do but choke the Fire.
 On other Themes he well deserves our Praise,
 But palls that Appetite he meant to raise.

Next, *ELEGY*, of *sweet*, but *solemn Voice*,
 And of a *Subject* grave exacts the Choice,
 The Praise of *Beauty*, *Valor*, *Wit* contains,
 And there too oft despairing *Love* complains:
 In vain alas, for who by *Wit* is moved,
 That *Phoenix* she deserves to be beloved;
 But noisy *Nonsense*, and such Fops as vex
 Mankind, take most with that *fantastick Sex*.
 This to the Praise of those who better know
 The *Many* raise the Value of the *Few*.
 But here, as all our Sex too oft have try'd,
 Women have drawn my wandering Thoughts aside.
 Their greatest Fault who in this kind have writ,
 Is not Defect in Words, nor want of Wit;
 But should this Muse harmonious Numbers yield,
 And every Couplet be with Fancy fill'd,
 If yet a just *Coherence* be not made
 Between each Thought, and the whole *Model* laid
 So right, that every *step* may *higher* rise,
 Like goodly Mountains, till they reach the *Skies*;

Trifles

Nitenti in plana similis, sonitum ardua ventum est
Prospexit attonito circumspicit ore, stupetque
Inscius ad tantum se pervenisse cacumen.
Hoc Epigramma voces, des nomen quodlibet illi.

* Panegyris
 Walleri Cron-
 wellio dicata.
 || Poema Den-
 hamii equitis
 elegantissi-
 mum, Coopers-
 bill dictum,
 prope Wind-
 foram, ubi ce-
 lebris quæ vul-
 gò Magna
 Charta voca-
 tur, signata
 fuit.

Non est artis opus, non est Elegia, quali

*Flexisti rigidum, * vates divine, tyrannum :*

Inscios || alios procures, Regemque superbum

Colliculo in celebri mansura in fœdera traxit.

Ut Bellator equus sonitum simul arma dedere

Hæc profultat, & hæc, micat auribus, & tremit artus,

Pindarica.

Ipsam equitem terret tanquam excussurus in auras,

Pindarica attonitum sic versant cœstra Poetam :

Is furor est Musæ cum implevit mentem animumque :

* Couleius.

*Æmulus hæc veterum * novus omnia puncta tulisset,*

|| Lemma præ-
 fixum Pinda-
 ricis Odis Cou-
 leii.

|| Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus,

Si non vulgari percussa, heu ! verba monetâ

Detraherent pretium mansura in secula vena.

Insanire quidem licet hoc in carmine, verum

Insanire decet certâ ratione, modoque.

Vehementes sensus, liquido sed flumine verba

Lucida procurrant ; sed hæc in parte severus

Exactor videar, naturâ constat, & ausu

Hoc opus, ingenium campo dominatur aperto ;

Et data Pindaricæ, summa indulgentia Musæ.

Satyra.

Cum neque mos, neque lex, torva aut sapientia profut,

Labenti in pejus Satyra succurritur orbi :

Hæc

Trifles like such perhaps of late have past,
 And may be lik'd awhile, but never last;
 'Tis *Epigram*, 'tis *Point*, 'tis what you will,
 But not an *Elegy*, nor Writ with Skill,
 No * *Panegyrick*, nor a || *Coopers-Hill*.

* Waller's.
 || Denham's.

A higher Flight, and of a happier Force
 Are * *Odes*, the Muses most unruly Horse;
 That bounds so fierce, the Rider has no rest,
 But foams at mouth, and moves like one *possess*.
 The Poet here must be indeed inspired,
 With *Fury* too, as well as *Fancy* fired.
Cowley might boast to have performed this part,
 Had he with *Nature* joyn'd the Rules of *Art*;
 But ill *Expression* gives sometimes *Allay*
 To that rich *Fancy*, which can ne'er decay:
 Tho all appear in Heat and *Fury* done,
 The *Language* still must *soft* and *easie* run.
 These Laws may seem a little too severe,
 But *Judgment* yields, and *Fancy* governs there;
 Which, tho extravagant, this Muse allows,
 And makes the Work much easier than it shews.

* Pindarick
 Odes.

Satyr.

Of all the Ways that wisest Men could find
 To mend the Age, and mortifie Mankind,

Hæc docet exemplis animos, dum pectora mulcet,

Venam aperit ridens, & grato vulnere sanat.

Dicta prius non hic repetendum tollere paucos

Contentis solum dilecto è corpore nævos.

* In Satyra
verborum &
numerosorum
ratio habenda.

* *Huic non eloquium, non læta vocabula curæ,*

Materiam rigidam parili sermone notanti;

Ille merum è plauistro jactat pus, atque venenum;

Stultus utrisque labor; nunquam hæc te regula fallit,

Ut Stylus, & cultus, sit splendidus, atque virilis,

Læviaque immanes commendent carmina sensus.

Si latrare satis, si rodere dente canino,

Quæ Satyrum infami poteris dignoscere scurrâ?

Aut iram ponas, aut dissimulare memento,

Invitus videaris ad hanc descendere partem,

Occultaturi speciem des crimina promens,

Sic rem conficias tanquam inter vina jocosus

|| Petronius.

|| *Arbiter, alta sedent ludentis vulnera dextræ.*

Sic ubi Rivalem spernis; vel laude malignâ

Effers, imponit probitas simulata puella.

* Dr——nus
celeberrimus
Poeta Anglus,
in Satyra faci-
le princeps.

Indivulsa comis hic hæret laurea. vati*

Stigmate qui Bavium mansuro in sæcla notavit;

Ille olim || felix alieno vulnere, eundem

Et Satyris propriis quandoque meretur honorem.

|| Falsò sus-
pectus, vulnera-
tus, & lauda-
tus ob Poema
Satyricum cu-
jus revera
auctor non
fuit.

Pegasus ast humiles si se summittit ad usus

Serpit humi, indignans, nec jam remissocitur alas.

Jamque

SATYR well writ has most successful prov'd,
 And cures, because the Remedy is lov'd.
 'Tis hard to write on such a Subject more,
 Without repeating Things said oft before.
 Some vulgar Errors only we remove,
 That stain a Beauty which so much we love.
 Of well chose Words some take not care enough,
 And think they should be as the Subject rough;
 This great Work must be more exactly made,
 And sharpest Thoughts in smoothest Words convey'd:
 Some think, if sharp enough, they cannot fail,
 As if their only Business was to rail;
 But human Frailty nicely to unfold,
 Distinguishes a Satyr from a Scold.
 Rage you must hide, and Prejudice lay down,
 A Satyr's Smile is sharper than his Frown;
 So, while you seem to slight some Rival Youth,
 Malice it self may pass sometimes for Truth.
 The * Laureat here may justly claim our Praise,
 Crown'd by || Mac-Fleckno with immortal Bays;
 Tho prais'd and punish'd for another's * Rhimes,
 His own deserve as great Applause sometimes;
 But once his Pegasus has born dead Weight,
 Rid by some lumpish Minister of State,

* Mr. D—n.

|| A famous Satyrical Poem of his.

* A Libel, for which he was both applauded and wounded, tho intirely innocent of the whole matter.

Here

Jamque opus emensos mediâ plus parte Quadrigas
 Siste parùm; major rerum tibi nascitur ordo :
 Ut de Caucaſei Jovis ales vertice ſaxi,
 Sive fames jubet, aut cœli inclementia ſedes
 Explorare novas, tepidumque invifere Solem;
 Longum iter, & pennis luctantes cogitat Austros,
 Metiturque oculis ſpatia, & circumſpicit alas;
 Mox ubi propulerit vigor, & nova gloria cœpti,
 Indignans terram repulit, jam jamque videri
 Deſut, & nimbos ſuperans latet æthere toto :
 Sic, impar licet, aggreditur Muſa aſpera dictu,
 Invidiam * cathedris, odium motura Poetis;
 || Illis ira modum ſupra eſt, leſique venenum
 Morſibus inſpirant, ſed quis ſuccenſeat æquus
 Frænanti audaces, dociles meliora monenti?
 Quin age & inſanis paulum adſis, diva, Theatris.
 Principio, veteres quæ præcepere Maſtri
 Ut perſona, locus, res, hora cohæreat aptè,
 Sunt hæc nota ſatis, ſed, quæ infortunia Legum,
 Obſervata parùm, ad communia ſcripta relego,
 Sat noſtros vix tacta aliis monuiſſe Britannos.
 † Si viſum ut ſolus quid ſecum diſſerat Actor,
 Sit breve, ſit graviter commoti; ita flagitat uſus
 Communis vita; noſter, cum deſit Achates,
 Arcanos geſtit podio omni credere ſenſus :

* Remittit Ho-
 ratius Deme-
 trium Ti-
 gellium ad Di-
 ſcipularum
 Cathedras.
 || Diſtum de
 apibus apud
 Virgilium.

† De Soffo-
 quis: ut bre-
 via, & rara
 ſint.

Nec

Here rest, my *Muse*, suspend thy *Cares* a while,
 A greater Enterprize attends thy *Toil*;
 And as some *Eagle* that designs to fly
 A long *unwonted* Journey through the *Sky*,
Considers all the dangerous way before,
 Over what *Lands* and *Seas* she is to soar,
Doubts her own *Strength* so far, and justly *fears*
 That lofty Road of *Airy Travellers*;
 But yet incited by some fair *Design*,
 That does her *Hopes* beyond her *Fears* incline,
 Prunes every Feather, views her self with *Care*,
 At last *resolved*, she cleaves the yielding *Air*,
 Away she flies, so strong, so high, so fast,
 She *lessens* to us, and is *lost* at last.
 So (but too weak for such a weighty thing)
 The *Muse* inspires a sharper Note to sing;
 And why should *Truth* offend, when only told
 To guide the *Ignorant*, and warn the *Bold*?
 On then, my *Muse*, adventrously engage
 To give *Instructions* that concern the *Stage*.

The *Unities* of *Action*, *Time*, and *Place*,
 Which, if observed, give *P.L.A.Y.S.* so great a *Grace*,
 Are, tho but little *practis'd*, too well *known*
 To be taught here, where we pretend alone
 From *nicer* Faults to purge the present *Age*,
 Less obvious *Errors* of the *English Stage*.

First then, *SOLILOQUIES* had need be *few*,
 Extremely *short*, and spoke in *Passion* too;
 Our *Lovers* talking to themselves for want,
 Of others, make the *Plot* their *Confidant*;

Nec refert, si sub specie narrantis amico,
Enarret nobis; fluere ex re occasio debet.
Ut tandem miseros cum Phædra fatetur Amores.

De Figuris &
Metaphoris.

Exultat bona pars juvenilibus usque figuris,
Naturam spernunt, spernit Natura vicissim,
Ipsa suis pollens opibus, nihil indiga fuit:

|| Is locus est
ferè solum in
Descriptioni-
bus.

|| His locus est cum tristis hyemem, fluviosque rapaces,
Aut lucum, et rivos, vel amœna rosaria pingis.

Sed cum declamat summus dolor, ira perorat,
In numerum cantat spretus, moribundus Anator,

Quem non hæc lapidem moveant? quam flebilis Heros,
Vitam exhalanti cui jam vacat esse deserto?

Dicta senem cymba jacet importuna Charonti.

* Objectio.

* Verum in Colloquiis comicum lumina figunt.

|| Resp.

|| Tum verò ludit rabies, luctusque cachinnæ:

Utque vices variant pueri super ere canoro,

Sive lubet magis ex compactâ subere plumâ,

Illa volat, volitatque, volat volitatque per auras,

Itque reditque viam toties, stupet inscia turba,

Impubesque manus, mirata volatile suber:

Mutua sic Tragici ludunt: quis talia spectans

Temperet è plausu? sed quo vos nomine dicam

Naturæ, ac sanis jurati sensibus hostes?

* Ironice.

* Fac, actor, rhythmo immoriare Tragedia bella est:

Communis sensus cum sit scintillæ, mille

Artibus ac miserum liceat cum extundere vitium,

Quæ versant furæ, ut mendica infamia vobis,

Ut contempta fœces placeat quæ phœnix turba

Ignorant olei quanti drama, atque laboris:

Ingeniū felix, verborum flumine puro,

Qui legit veteres, autam per spectat hæc,

Quin & Naturæ rimans penetralia sensus

Eruit arcanos, novæque hinc miracula promittit

Nor is the matter mended yet, if thus
 They trust a Friend, only to tell it us;
 Th' occasion should as *naturally* fall,
 As when || *Bellario* confesses all.

|| In *Philaster*,
 a Play of
Beaumont and
Fletcher.

FIGURES of Speech, which Poets think so fine,
 Art's *needle's* Varnish to make Nature shine,
 Are all but *Paint* upon a beauteous Face,
 And in *Descriptions* only claim a place.
 But to make *Rage* declaim, and *Grief* discourse,
 From Lovers in despair *fine* things to force,
 Must needs succeed, for who can chuse but pity
 A *dying* Hero miserably witty?
 But, oh, the Dialogues, where jest, and mock
 Is held up like a Rest at Shittle-cock!
 O else like Bells, eternally they chime,
 They *sigh* in *Simile*, and *die* in *Rhime*.
 What *Things* are these who would be, *Poets* thought,
 By Nature not inspir'd, nor *Learning* taught?
 Some Wit they have, and therefore may deserve
 A better Course than this by which they *starve*:
 But to write Plays! why 'tis a bold pretence
 To Judgment, Breeding, Wit and Eloquence;
 Nay more; for they must look *within* to find
 Those *secret Turns* of Nature in the mind;

Without

Ille onus hoc letus Jubeat, speretque repofci,
Invidiam fpernat, Criticis medium exerat unguem.

|| Precepta &
exempla
Dialogorum &
Socraticis, Lu-
cianisque per-
tenda.

|| Ut rectè, ut propriè roget, ac respondeat Aëtor,
Socraticæ folæ poterunt oftendere chartæ:

Tantum non latuit Romam ars, vix cognita noſtris,
Nequicquam obnixis vitioſo emergere ſæclo.

Hic tamen, ut patriæ meritos ſolvamus Honores,

Shakeſpear &
Fletcher præ-
ſtantiffimi Po-
etæ Dramatici
apud Anglos.

Dirigit obſcuros vatùm † par nobile grefſus,

Sublimes, quantum non noxia tempora tardant,

Incultique hebetant mores, perituraque lingua:

Fefſa tamen recreant alienis pectora curis,

Vel || Craſſo excutiant riſum lachrymæſque † Catoni.

|| Qui nun-
quam riſiſſe
perhibetur, &
inde cognom-
entum ha-
buit.
† Vetitum
Stoicis flere.

Nocturnâ hoſ verſate manu, verſate diurnâ,

Speſtate interdum, ſeris legite inde lucernis,

Æra periti auro, tumidumque abſcindere ſoldo.

De Fabula.

FABULA contulerit multum meditata potenter,

Illeſti hæc ſolâ nonnunquam aula manemus.

† Non quæ-
rendi ſunt per-
fecti Chara-
cteres, Stoico-
rum in mo-
rem, qui nul-
luna omnino
nævum ſapien-
ti ſuo inſeſpa-
tiantur.

† Stoica ſollicitam neu ludant ſomnia mentem,

Ut tibi perfectè ſapiens, fortiſve, boniſve,

Ponatur: laudi eſt Picturæ, ſive Poëſi,

Naturæ neſcire modum? facit ille Gigantem,

Non hominem, ignotum terris, & amabile monſtrum.

Denique tale nihil peperit Natura; ſubefſe

Culpam opus eſt: ut nè immeritò cecidiſſe feratur,

Sed

Without this part in vain would be the whole,
 And but a Body all without a Soul:
 All this together yet is but a part
 Of Dialogue, that great and powerful Art,
 Now almost lost, which the old *Grecians* knew,
 From whence the *Romans* fainter Copies drew,
 Scarce comprehended since but by a few:
Plato and *Lucian* are the best Remains
 Of all the Wonders which this Art contains;
 Yet to our selves we Justice must allow,
Shakespear and *Fletcher* are the Wonders now:
 Consider them, and read them o'er and o'er,
 Go see them play'd, then read them as before,
 For tho in many things they grossly fail,
 Over our Passions still they so prevail,
 That our own Grief by theirs is rock'd asleep,
 The *Dull* are forc'd to feel, the *wise* to weep.
 Their Beauties imitate, avoid their Faults;
 First on a *Plot* employ thy careful Thoughts;
 Turn it with time a thousand several Ways,
 This oft alone has given success to Plays:
 Reject that vulgar Error which appears
 So fair, of making perfect Characters;
 There's no such thing in Nature, and you'll draw
 A faultless Monster, which the World neer saw;
 Some Faults must be, that his Misfortunes draw,
 But such as may deserve Compassion too.

Sed lapsus, veniâ, & lachrymis, dignissimus, Heros.

Nec satis est tota ut recto stet Fabula talo,

De Scenis præ-
cipuis.

Scit scenæ teneræ sua Fabula: divitis Horti

Magnificam exornat velut area quæque figuram.

Multus & in parvis labor est; circumspice partes,

Cuique reponere suas veneres, in imagine prima

Ut vultus signat vestigia creta futuri.

Nec te pœniteat modulum diffingere, si res

Suadet, pars operæ est non parva litura Poetis.

¶ De Lumini-
bus quæ vo-
cantur, Orati-
onis.

¶ *Solliciti plures dicendi ubi lumina ponant,*

(Purpureos longo collectos tempore pannos,)

Personis faciunt vim, convenientia mittunt,

Facundè absurdi; te consule sedulus ipsum,

Quis sensus foret in parili tibi sorte jacenti:

Quod petis, intus habes, sæcundum concute pectus.

* De Actori-
bus formandis.

* *Sit limata licet tenuem comœdia ad unguem,*

Non tamen hic operum finis; sæpe actor agetur

Ipse, docendus uti gestum addat sensibus aptum;

Si piget ad tenues animum, submittere curas,

Immerita ingenuos occident Sibila Vates.

De Characte-
ribus novis
ut ne Comœ-
diæ veteris in
morem unum
quemvis de-
signent.
* Pro quovis
inepto.

¶ *Si nova difficili persona addenda Theatro,*

*Non unum effingas * Crispinum, ac simulatorem in arctum*

Desilias, ales prostrata cadavera spernit

Nobilis, insultat ferali carmine bubo.

Vulgare est Monstrum derisor ineptus inepti.

Verum ut apes pictis in saltibus omnia libant,

Mel inde, hinc ceras, & miscent utile dulci:

Personam ex multis sic texas sedulus unam,

(Est seges ampla satis, vati & respondet avaro:)

* Falstaff cele-
bris character
Comicus apud
Shakeperum.

* *Fert palmam hic, sensa ut promam liberrima, † Miles,*

Helluo, vanus, adulator, comes usque facetus.

Illo gaudet eques, vicies repetitus amatur,

Vix antea facta parem, vix postera proferet ætas.

Sæpe

Besides the main Design compos'd with Art,
 Each *moving Scene* must be a *Plot* apart;
 Contrive each little *turn*, mark every place,
 As *Painters* first *chalk* out the future Face;
 Yet be not fondly your own Slave for this,
 But change hereafter what appears amiss.

Think not so much where *shining* Thoughts to place,
 As what a Man would *say* in *such* a *Case*.
 Neither in *Comedy* will this suffice,
 The *Player* too must be before your Eyes,
 And tho' 'tis Drudgery to stoop so low,
 To him you must your utmost meaning show.

Expose no *single* Fop, but lay the Load
 More *equally*, and spread the Folly broad;
 The other way is *vulgar*, oft we see
 A Fool derided by as bad as he;
Hawks fly at nobler Game; in this low way,
 A very *Owl* may prove a *Bird* of *Prey*:
Ill Poets so will one poor Fop devour;
 But to collect, (like *Bees* from every Flower,
Ingredients to compose that precious Juice,
 Which serves the World for *Pleasure* and for *use*,
 In spite of Faction this would Favour get:
 But || *Falstaff* seems unimitable yet.

|| An admirable
 Character
 in a Play of
 Shakespear's.

Another

*Sæpe & sic venâ rapitur torrente Poeta,
 Ingenii ut fatuas personas flumen inundet:
 Rusticus Urbani speciem fert, servus, honesti,
 Non sua dicta crepat, subitôque ut numine plenus
 Morio quisque sapit: nisi quadrant dicta loquentis
 Personæ, risum moveas mihi forte, sed ipse
 Rideris, Scriptor: curâ ipsa enascitur error,*

|| Modus dicte-
 riis adhiben-
 dus.

*|| Cùm salibus nimius lassas onerantibus aures,
 Sedulitate urget, movet ac fastidia vates:
 Exprimat ut mores caput est, tum deinde Lepores
 Hinc intle inspergat, cum lumine misceat umbram.*

Imago ridicu-
 la Tragediæ
 recentioris.

*Sed quia quos fugiunt præcepta, exempla movebunt,
 Ecce brevi in tabula, ne postera nesciat ætas,
 Ora habitûsque virûm, nostris quæ forma poetis:
 Inversos sensus, Scenæ ac portenta videre est.
 Lampades ut primum accensæ, ac aulæa recedunt,
 Soliloquus longum placido sermone perorat,
 Et tenui eventus cunctos examine librat:
 Conticuit simul is tandem (quæ cura decoris)
 Ad litui sonitum fugitans inducitur heros;
 Obvius hîc Nymphæ (miranda potentia fati!)
 Deperit intuitu primo, rasisque dolorem
 Antithetis probat, & turbati pectoris ictus.
 Cùm subito infelix casus disolvit Amantes,
 Ignotus nobis, (scit vates omnia) solus,*

Eger,

Another Fault which often does befall,
 Is when the Wit of some great Poet shall
 So *overflow*, that is, be none at all,
 That all his Fools speak *Sence*, as if *possess*,
 And each by *Inspiration* breaks his Jest;
 If once the *Justness* of each part be lost,
 Well we may laugh, but at the Poets Cost.
 That silly thing, Men call *Sheer-Wit*, avoid,
 With which our Age so nauseously is cloy'd;
Humour is all, *Wit* should be only brought
 To turn agreeably some *proper* Thought.
 But since the Poets we of late have known,
 Shine in no *Dress* so much as in their own,
 The better by *Example* to convince,
 Cast but a View on this *wrong* side of *Sence*.

First a Soliloquy is *calmly* made,
 Where every Reason is *exactly* weigh'd;
 Which once perform'd, most opportunely comes
 A *Hero* frighted at the Noise of Drums
 For *her* sweet sake, whom at *first* sight he loves,
 And all in *Metaphor* his passion proves;
 But some sad Accident, tho yet unknown,
 Parting this Pair, to leave the Swain alone,

H

He

Æger, Zelotypos concepit protinus ignes :

Mox (ut Rivali placeat) juvat ire sub umbras.

Sed prius & Cælos & conscia Sydera testans,

Absenti Nymphæ flammæ longo ordine narrat :

Rivalique suos moriens commendat Amores.

Cum (monitu Jovis) ille supervenit, & grave telum

Serò inibet, casûque animum percussus acerbo,

Invidet ignoto tam pulchræ mortis Honorem ;

Continuò incensus fumantem corripit ense,

Non illum flectet Genitor, dulcèsque Hymenæi,

Nec moritura super crudeli funere Virgo,

Quin, Heroo ictu, mediâ inter viscera condât,

Vicit Amor Lethi, plausûsque immensa cupido.

Fortunati ambo !

Quenam hæc monstra putem, non his opus humida laurus,

Sulphura cum tædis, dira ut portenta pientur ?

Candidus hæc ubi commonui, quidam insit ineptus,

Object.

Deperit hic Veteres, nos nostraque lividus odit :

(Sic Spectatores luimus delicta Poetæ.)

Reponf.

Tun' vitio affectum potes hunc mihi vertere ? rectè

Judicium totâ cum de ratione Theatri

Vix nisi sana ferat, studio, invidiæque remota,

Posteritas ? oculos nam que mentesque morantur,

Saltator, cultus peregrinus, machina præceps,

Italici cantus, puerilis nocturnæ rythmi,

(Imbecilla nimis ruituri fulcra Theatri)

Languescunt ; quid apud seros valitura nepotes ?

Quondam etiam illufis redit in præcordia sensus.

Jam

He streight grows *jealous*, yet we know not why,
 And to *oblige* his *Rival*, needs will *dye*;
 But first he makes a *Speech*, wherein he tells
 The *absent* Nymph how much his Flame excels,
 And yet bequeaths her *generously* now
 To that dear Rival whom he does not know,
 Who streight appears (but who can Fate withstand?)
 Too late alas to hold his hasty Hand,
 That just has giv'n himself the cruel Stroke,
 At which this very *Strangers* Heart is broke;
 He more to his *new* Friend than *Mistress* kind,
 Most sadly mourns at being left behind,
 Of such a Death prefers the pleasing *Charms*
 To *Love*, and living in a Lady's Arms.

How shameful, and what monstrous things are these?
 And then they rail at those they cannot please,
 Conclude us only partial for the *Dead*,
 And grudge the Sign of old *Ben. Johnson's* Head;
 When the *intrinsic* Value of the Stage
 Can scarce be judg'd but by a *following* Age;
 For Dances, Flutes, *Italian* Songs, and Rhime
 May keep up *sinking* Nonsense for a time.
 But that may fail, which now so much o'er-rules,
 And *Sence* no longer will submit to Fools.

By

Poetna Epi-
cum.

*Jam tandem Aonii prærupta per ardua montis
Aerium lasso juvat insedisse cacumen.
Secreti hîc Epici Divûm potiuntur honore,
Luctantesque infra tranquillo lumine rident.
Quis dubitet cunctas Epico quin carmine vires
Exerat, ingenio metas figatque supremas,
Rerum sancta Parens, cum post tentamina mille,
Innumeros nilus post temporis infiniti,*

Homerum &
Virgilium.

*Vix tandem ediderit binos? sacer horror in ipsis
Nominibus, neque enim est ea fas proferre profanis.
Quantum Atlas nanum transcendit corpore, quanto
Delirus sapiente relinquitur intervallo,
Tantum inter cunctos extat par nobile fratres:
Fama ambit, Favor, ac plausus comitantur euntes.
Forte & in æterna jacuissent secula nocte.
Inscia quâ fierent arte hæc miracula, vastas
Indus uti pelago spectans innare carinas,*

* Criticus Gal-
licus celeberr-
imus.

*Si non * Bosphorus sacros penetrare recessus
Ausus, qui numeri, pandens, quis carminis ordo,
Unde parentur opes, & quâ virtute subacta
Semina missa solo caput inter nubila condant.
Certe aliquis Divûm, nostro qui consulit ævo,
Per Labyrinthos texit vestigia flexus.*

Strata

By painful Steps we are at last got up Epick Poetry.
Parnassus Hill, on whose bright Airy Top
 The *Epick Poets* so divinely show,
 And with just *Pride* behold the rest below.
Heroick Poems have a just pretence
 To be the utmost reach of human Sense,
 A Work of such inestimable Worth,
 There are but two the World has yet brought forth,
Homer, and *Virgil*: with what awful sound
 Do those meer words the Ears of Poets wound!
 Just as a *Changeling* seems below the rest
 Of Men, or rather is a two-legg'd Beast,
 So these *Gigantic* Souls amaz'd we find
 As much above the rest of human kind
 Natures whole strength united! endless Fame,
 And universal Shouts attend their Name.
 Read *Homer* once, and you can read no more,
 For all things else appear so dull and poor,
Verse will seem *Prose*, yet often on him look,
 And you will hardly need another Book.
 Had * *Bossu* never writ, the World had still,
 Like *Indians*, view'd this wondrous Piece of Skill,
 As something of *Divine* the Work admired,
 Not hoped to be *Instructed*, but *Inspired*;
 But he disclosing sacred *Mysteries*,
 Has shewn where all the mighty *Magick* lies,
 Describ'd the *Seeds*, and in what order sown,
 That have to such a vast proportion grown;
 Sure from some *Angel* he the *Secret* knew,
 Who through this *Labyrinth* has given the *Clue*!

By painting the surface of the wall, the color of the wall is changed.

Quid juvat Hesperidum veni! dives prospectus in hortis

Si vetitum, ut sacros, neque mens decerpere fructus!

Quis cunctas, animi felix, complectitur artes?

Quis rationem, audax cautè, superavolat ipsam.

Aethereumque regit certo, moderamine cunctis

Judicium ingenio quis miscuit arte Maronis,

Nusquam deficiens, nullaque in parte redundans?

*Qui conferre potest quod non * Davideidos auctor,*

|| *Primævi aut meliùs cecinit qui fata Parentis.*

† *Vel Solymas captas, et qui celebrabit Elilam,*

Incipiat, sed plura manent, quae viribus istis,

Et tenui venâ nos ut majora tacemus.

* Couleius.

¶ Miltonus.

† Tasso.

* *Spencerus*.

But what, alas, avails it poor Mankind
 To *see* this *promised Land*, yet *stay behind*?
 The Way is shewn, but who has Strength to go?
 Who can all *Sciences* exactly know?
 Whose *Fancy* flies beyond weak *Reason's* Sight,
 And yet has *Judgment* to direct it *right*?
 Whose *just* Discernment, *Virgil-like*, is such,
 Never to say too little, or too much?
 Let such a Man begin without delay,
 But he must do much more than I can say,
 Must above *Cowley*, nay and *Milton* too prevail,
 Succeed where *great Torquato*, and our *greater Spencer* fail.

The E N D.

But what alas, avail is poor Mankind
To see this promised Land, yet they decline
The Way is shown, but who has strength to go
Who can all sciences exactly know
Whole Land lies beyond weak Mankind's sight
And yet has judgment to direct his way
Whole vast Dominion, though it is high
Not too high, nor too low, nor too wide
Not too high, nor too low, nor too wide
Not too high, nor too low, nor too wide
Not too high, nor too low, nor too wide
Not too high, nor too low, nor too wide
Not too high, nor too low, nor too wide
Not too high, nor too low, nor too wide

AN
EPISTLE
TO THE
Right Honourable
CHARLES
EARL of
DORSET and MIDDLESEX,
Lord Chamberlain
OF HIS
Majesties Household.

Occasion'd by His Majesty's
VICTORY in IRELAND.

by Charles Montague Esq^r

LICENSED, Sept. 26.

The Second Edition Corrected.

LONDON,

Printed for Francis Saunders, at the Blue Anchor in the Lower Walk of
the New Exchange, 1690.

1293

Richardson

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AN
EPISTLE

TO MY

Lord Chamberlain.

WHat? Shall the KING the Nations Genius raise,
And make us Rival our great *Edward's Days*;
Yet not one Muse, worthy a Conq'ror's Name,
Attend his Triumphs, and Record his Fame!
Oh, *Dorset*! You alone this Fault can mend,
The Muses Darling, Confident, and Friend?
The Poets are your Charge, and, if unfit,
You should be fin'd to furnish abler Wit;
Oblig'd to quit your Ease, and draw agen,
To paint the Greatest Heroe, the Best Pen.

A Heroe, who thus early does out-shine
The Ancient Honours of his Glorious Line;
And, soaring more sublimely to Renown,
The Mem'ry of their pious Triumphs drown:
Whose Actions are deliver'd o'er to Fame,
As Types, and Figures of His greater Name.

When Fate some mighty Genius has design'd,
 For the Relief, and Wonder of Mankind,
 Nature takes Time to answer the Intent,
 And climbs, by slow Degrees, the steep Ascent:
 She toils, and labours with the growing Weight,
 And watches carefully the Steps of Fate;
 Till all the Seeds of Providence unite,
 To set the Heroe in a happy Light;
 Then, in a lucky and propitious Hour,
 Exerts her Force, and calls forth all her Pow'r.

In *Nassau's* Race she made this long Essay;
 Heroes and Patriots prepar'd the Way,
 And promis'd, in their Dawn, this brighter Day:
 A Publick Sp'rit distinguish'd all the Line;
 Successive Vertues in each Branch did shine,
 Till this last Glory rose, and Crown'd the Great Design.

Blest be his Name! and peaceful lie his Grave,
 Who durst his Native Soil, lost *Holland*, save!
 But *William's* Genius takes a wider Scope,
 And gives the injur'd, in all Kingdoms, Hope:
 Born to subdue insulting Tyrants Rage,
 The Ornament, and Terrour, of the Age;

The Refuge, where afflicted Nations find,
 Relief from those, Oppressors of Mankind,
 Whom **Laws** restrain not, and no Oaths can bind. }
 Him, their Deliv'rer *Europe* does confess,
 All Tongues extol, and all Religions bless;
 The *Po*, the *Danube*, *Bætis*, and the *Rhine*,
 United in his Praise, their Wonder join :
 While, in the Publick Cause, he takes the Field,
 And shelter'd Nations fight behind his Shield.
 His Foes themselves dare not Applause refuse :

And shall such Actions want a faithful Muse?
 Poets have this to boast; Without their Aid,
 The freshest Lawrels, nipp'd by Malice, fade, }
 And Vertue to Oblivion is betray'd :
 The proudest Honours have a narrow Date,
 Unless they vindicate their Names from Fate.

But who is equal to sustain the Part!
D---n has Numbers : But he wants a Heart;
 Enjoyn'd a Penance (which is too severe
 For playing once the Fool) to Persevere.
 Others, who knew the Trade, have laid it down;
 And, looking round, I find you stand alone.

How, Sir ! can you, or any *English* Muse,
Our Countrey's Fame, our Monarch's Arms, refuse?

'Tis not my Want of Gratitude, but Skill,
Makes me decline what I can ne'er fulfill :
I cannot sing of Conquests, as I ought,
And my Breath fails to swell a lofty Note.
I know my Compass, and my Muse's Size,
She loves to Sport and Play, but dares not Rise ;
Idly affects, in this Familiar Way,
In easie Numbers loosely to convey,
What Mutual Friendship wou'd at Distance say. }

Poets assume another Tone and Voice,
When Victory's their Theam, and Arms their Choice.
To follow Heroes, in the Chace of Fame,
Asks Force, and Heat, and Fancy wing'd with Flame.
What Words can paint the Royal Warrior's Face ?
What Colours can the Figure boldly raise ?
When cover'd o'er with comely Dust and Smoke,
He pierc'd the Foe, and thickest Squadrons broke ?
His bleeding Arm, still painful with the Sore,
Which, in his Peoples Cause, the Pious Father bore :
Whom, cleaving through the Troops a Glorious Way,
Not the united Force of *France*, and Hell, cou'd stay.

Oh,

Oh, *Dorset*! I am rais'd! I'm all on fire!
 And, if my Strength could answer my Desire,
 In speaking Paint this Figure should be seen,
 Like *Jove* his Grandeur, and like *Mars* his Mien;
 And Gods descending should adorn the Scene.

See, See! Upon the Bank of *Boyne* he stands,
 By his own View adjusting his Commands;
 Calm and serene the Armed Coast surveys,
 And, in cool Thoughts, the diff'rent Chances weighs:
 Then, fir'd with Fame, and eager of Renown,
 Resolves to end the War, and fix the Throne.
 From Wing to Wing the Squadrons bending stand,
 And close their Ranks to meet their King's Command;
 The Drums and Trumpets sleep, the sprightly Noise
 Of neighing Steeds, and Cannons louder Voice,
 Suspended in Attention, banish far
 All Hostile Sounds, and hush the Dinn of War:
 The silent Troops stretch forth an eager Look,
 List'ning with Joy, while thus their Gen'ral spoke.

* Come, Fellow-Soldiers, Follow me once more,
 And fix the Fate of *Europe* on that Shore;
 Your Courage only waits from me the Word,
 But *England's* Happiness commands my Sword:
 In

In her Defence I ev'ry Part will bear,
 The Soldier's Danger, and the Prince's Care, }
 And envy any Arm an equal Share.
 Set all that's dear to Men before your Sight,
 For Laws, Religion, Liberty, we fight;
 To save your Wives from Rape, your Towns from Flame,
 Redeem your Country sold, and vindicate her Name :
 At whose Request and timely Call I rose,
 To tempt my Fate, and all my Hopes expose;
 Struggled with adverse Storms, and Winter-Seas,
 That in my Labours you might find your Ease.
 Let other Monarchs dictate from afar,
 And write the empty Triumphs of their War,
 In lazy Palaces supinely Rust;
 My Sword shall justify my Peoples Trust.
 For which---- But I your Victory delay;
 Come on, I, and my Genius lead the way.

He said. New Life and Joy ran through the Host,
 And sense of Danger in their Wonder lost;
 Precipitate they plunge into the Flood,
 In vain the Waves, the Banks, the Men, withstood.
 The KING leads on, the KING does all inflame,
 The KING---- and carries Millions in the Name.

As when the swelling Ocean bursts his Bounds,
 And, foaming, overwhelms the neighb'ring Grounds, The

The roaring Deluge, rushing headlong on,
 Sweeps Cities in its Course, and bears whole Forests down;
 So on the Foe the firm Battalions prest,
 And He, like the Tenth Wave, drove on the rest;
 Fierce, Gallant, Young, He shot thro' ev'ry Place,
 Urging their Flight, and hurrying on the Chace,
 He hung upon their Rear, or lighten'd in their Face.

Stop! stop! brave Prince! Allay that Gen'rous Flame,
 Enough is given to *England*, and to Fame.
 Remember, Sir, you in the Centre stand,
Europe's divided Int'rests you command,
 All their Designs uniting in your hand:
 Down from your Throne descends the Golden Chain,
 Which does the Fabrick of our World sustain;
 That once dissolv'd by any Fatal Stroke,
 The Scheme of all our Happiness is broke.

Stop! stop! brave Prince! Fleets may repair again,
 And routed Armies rally on the Plain,
 But Ages are requir'd to raise so Great a Man!
 Hear, how the Waves of *French* Ambition roar,
 Disdaining Bounds, and breaking on the Shore,
 Which You ordain'd to curb their wild-destructive Pow'r,
 That Strength remov'd; Again, Again, they flow,
 Lay *Europe* waste, nor Laws, nor Limits know.

(faint ?
 Stop! stop! brave Prince!---- what does your Muse, Sir,
 Proceed, Pursue his Conquests---- Faith, I can't:
 My Spirits sink, and will no longer bear;
 Rapture and Fury carry'd me thus far
 Transported and Amaz'd.
 That Rage once spent, I can no more sustain
 Your Flights, your Energies, and Tragic Strain,
 But fall back to my Nat'ral Pace again;
 In humble Verse provoking you to Rhime,
 I wish there were more *Dorsets* at this Time.

Oh! if in *France* this Heroe had been born;
 What Glittering Tinsel wou'd His Acts adorn!
 There 'tis Immortal Fame, and High Renown,
 To Steal a Country, and to Buy a Town:
 Their Triumphs are o'er Kings and Kingdoms fold,
 And Captive Vertue led in Chains of Gold.
 If Courage cou'd, like Courts, be kept in Pay,
 What Summs wou'd *Levis* give, That *France* might say,
 That Victory follow'd where He led the Way?
 He all his Conquests wou'd for this refund,
 And take th' Equivalent, a Glorious Wound.
 Then, what Advice, to spread his real Fame,
 Wou'd pass between *Versailles* and *Nôtre-dame*?

Their

Their Plays, their Songs, wou'd dwell upon his Wound,
 And Opera's repeat no other Sound;
Boyne wou'd, for Ages, be the Painter's Theam,
 The *Goblin's* Labour, and the Poet's Dream;
 The wounded Arm wou'd furnish all their Rooms,
 And bleed for ever Scarlet in the Looms:
Boileau with this wou'd plume his Artful Pen.
 And can your Muse be silent? Think agen.

Spare your Advice; And since you have begun,
 Finish your own Design, the Work is done.

Done! Nothing's Done. Not the Dead Colours laid,
 And the most Glorious Scenes stand undisplay'd.
 A Thousand Gen'rous Actions close the Rear;
 A Thousand Vertues, still behind, stand crowding to appear.

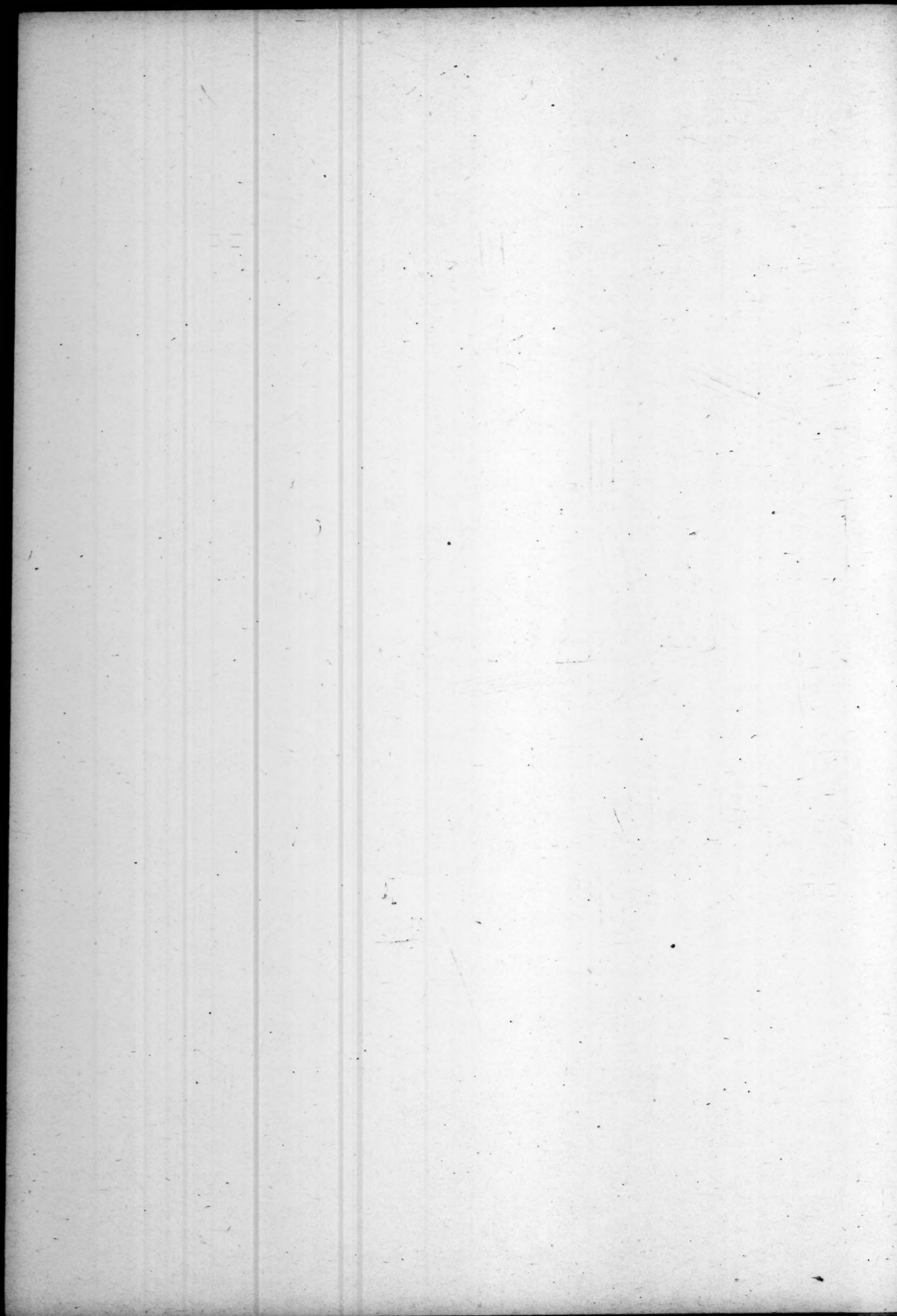
The QUEEN her self, the charming QUEEN shou'd grace
 The Noble Piece; and, in an Artful Place,
 Soften War's Horror with her lovely Face. }
 Who can omit the QUEEN'S auspicious Smile,
 The Pride of the Fair Sex, the Goddess of our Isle?
 Who can forget, what all admir'd of late,
 Her Fears for Him, her Prudence for the State?
 Dissembling Cares, she smooth'd her Looks with Grace,
 Doubts in her Heart, and Pleasure in her Face.

As

As Danger did approach, her Spirits rose,
 And, putting on the King, dismay'd his Foes.
 Now, all in Joy, she gilds the chearful Court,
 In ev'ry Glance descending Angels sport.
 As on the Hills of *Cynthus*, or the Meads
 Of cool *Eurotas*, when *Diana* leads
 The Chorus of her Nymphs, who there advance
 A Thousand shining Maids, and form the Dance:
 The stately Goddess, with a graceful Pride,
 Sweet and Majestic, does the Figure guide;
 Treading in just and easie Measures round
 ('The silver Arrows on her Shoulder found)
 She walks above them All. Such is the Scenic
 Of the Bright Circle, and the Brighter QUEEN.

These Subjects do, my Lord, your Skill command,
 These none may touch with an Unhollow'd Hand:
 Tender the Stroaks must be, and nicely writ,
 Disguis'd Encomiums must be hid in Wit, }
 Which Modesty, like theirs, will e'er admit; }
 Who made no other Steps to such a Throne,
 But to Deserve, and to Receive, the Crown.

THE Life of *Alexander* the Great, Written in Latin by *Quintus Curtius*,
 Translated into English by several Hands, and now Dedicated to the
 QUEEN. By *N. Tate*.
ZATDE, A Romance, in Two Parts; Dedicated to the Ladies.



AN
EPISTLE
TO
Charles Montague Esq;
ON
His MAJESTY's
VOYAGE
TO
HOLLAND.

BY
Mr. GEORGE STEPNEY.

LICENSED Jan. 31. 1691

J. Frazer.



LONDON,

Printed for Francis Saunders, at the Blue Anchor in the Lower Walk of
the New Exchange, 1691.

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[7]
A
EPISTLE

TO

Charles Montague Esq;.

SIR,

Since you oft invite me to renew
An Art I've either lost, or never knew,
Pleas'd my past follies kindly to commend,
And fondly lose the Critick in the Friend;
Tho' my warm Youth untimely be decay'd,
From Grave to Dull insensibly betray'd,
I'll contradict the Humour of the Times,
(Inclin'd to bus'ness, and averse to Rhimes)
And to obey the Man I love, in spite
Of the World's Genius, and my own, I'll write.

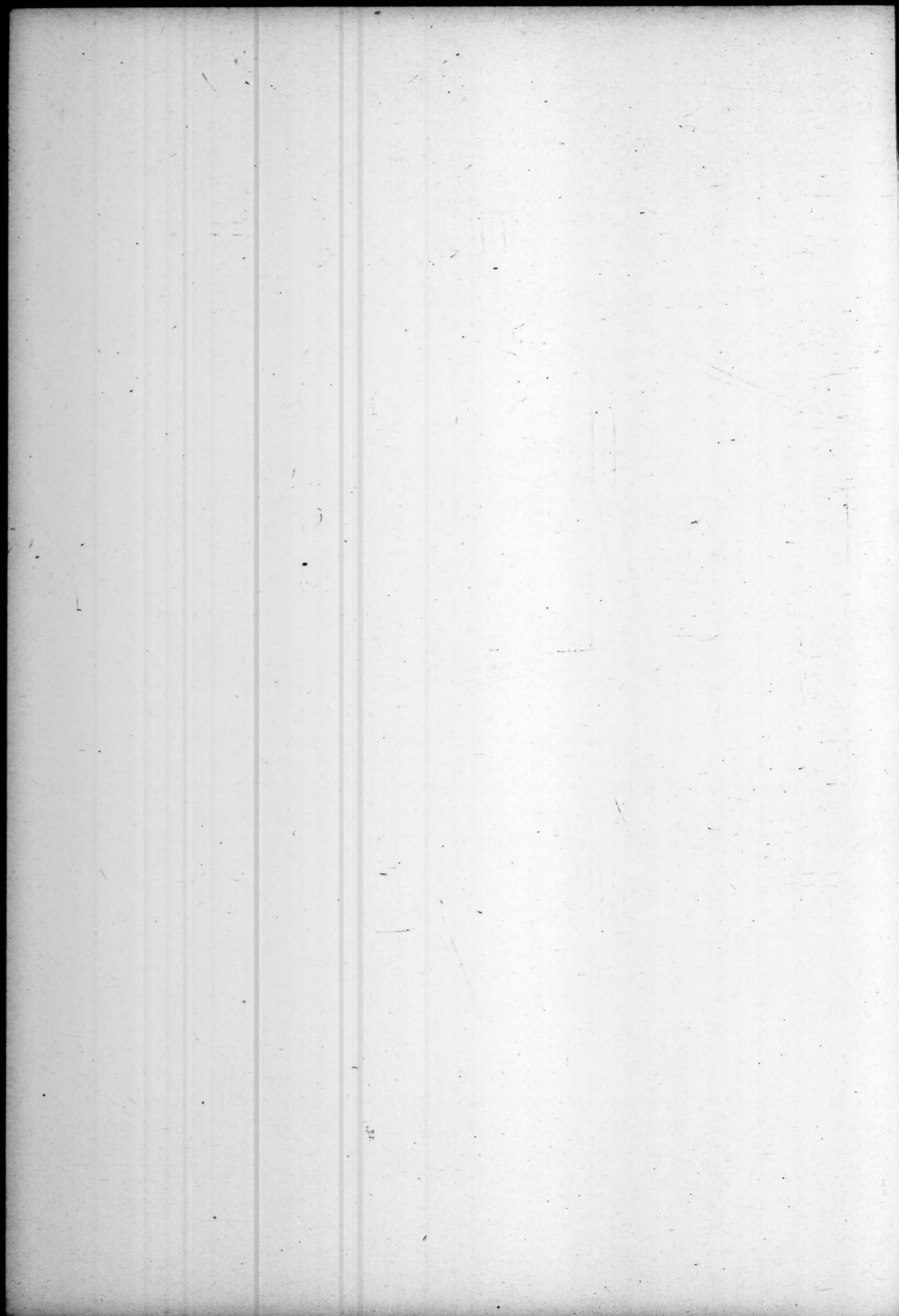
But think not that I vainly do aspire
To Rival what I only wou'd Admire,
The Heat and Beauty of your manly thought,
And Force like that with which your Heroe fought.
Like *Sampson's* Riddle is that powerful Song,
Sweet as the Honey, as the Lyon strong;

The Colours there so artfully are laid,
 They fear no Lustre, and they want no Shade,
 But shall of writing a just model give,
 While *Boyne* shall flow, and *William's* Glory live.

Yet since his ev'ry Act may well infuse
 Some happy Rapture in the humblest Muse,
 Tho' mine despairs to reach the wondrous height,
 She prunes her pinnions, eager of the flight;
 The *King's* the Theme, and I've a *Subject's* Right:
 When *William's* Deeds, and rescu'd *Europe's* Joy
 Do ev'ry Tongue and ev'ry Pen employ;
 'Tis to think Treason sure to shew no Zeal,
 And not to Write is almost to Rebel.

Let *Albion* then forgive her Meanest Son,
 Who wou'd continue what her Best begun;
 Who, leaving Conquests and the Pomp of War,
 Wou'd sing the pious King's divided Care;
 How eagerly he flew when *Europe's* Fate
 Did for the Seeds of future Actions wait;
 And how two Nations did with Transport boast
 Which was belov'd, and lov'd the Victor most:
 How joyful *Belgia* gratefully prepar'd
 Trophies and Vows for her returning Lord;

How



How the *Fair Isle* with rival passion strove,
 How by her Sorrow she exprest her Love,
 When He withdrew from what his Arm had free'd,
 And how she blest his way, yet sigh'd, and said,

Is it decree'd my Heroe ne'er shall rest,
 Ne'er be of me, and I of him possess?
 Scarce had I met his Vertue with my Throne,
 (By Right, by Merit, and by Arms his own)
 But *Ireland's* freedom and the Wars alarms
 Call'd him from me and his *Maria's* Charms.
 Oh gen'rous Prince! too prodigally kind,
 Can the diffusive Goodness of your Mind
 Be in no bounds, but of the World, confin'd?
 Shou'd sinking Nations summon You away,
Maria's Love might justifie Your stay.
 Imperfectly the many Vows are paid,
 Which for your Safety to the Gods were made,
 While, on the *Boyne*, they labour'd to out-do
 Your Zeal for *Albion* by their Care for You;
 When too impatient of a glorious Ease,
 You tempt new Dangers on the Winter-Seas.
 The *Belgick State* has rested long secure
 Within the Circle of thy Guardian Power;

Rear'd by thy care that noble *Lyon*, grown
 Mature in strength, can range the Woods Alone:
 When to my Arms they did the Prince resign,
 I blest the Change, and thought Him wholly mine;
 Conceiv'd Long hopes I jointly shou'd obey
 His stronger, and *Maria's* gentle Sway,
 He fierce as Thunder, she as Lightning bright;
 One my Defence, and t'other my Delight.
 Yet go---where Honour calls the Heroe, go;
 Nor let your eyes behold how mine do flow;
 Go, meet your Country's joy, your Vertue's due,
 Receive their Triumphs, and prepare for new;
 Inlarge my Empire, and let *France* afford
 The next large Harvest to thy prosp'rous Sword;
 Again in *Crecy* let my Arms be rear'd,
 And o'er the *Continent Britannia* fear'd;
 While under *Mary's* tutelary Care,
 Far from the Danger, or the Noise of War,
 In honourable Pleasure I possess
 The Spoils of Conquest, and the Charms of Peace.
 As the *Great Lamp* by which the Globe is blest,
 Constant in toil, and ignorant of rest,
 Thrô diff'rent Regions does his Course pursue,
 And leaves one World but to revive a new;

While, by a pleasing Change, the Queen of Night
 Relieves his Lustre with a milder Light:
 So when your Beams do distant Nations chear,
 The Partner of your Crown shall mount the Sphere,
 Able Alone my Empire to sustain,
 And carry on the Glories of thy Reign---
 But why has fate maliciously decree'd,
 That greatest blessings must by turns succeed?

Here she relented, and would urge his stay
 By all that fondness and that grief could say;
 But soon did her presaging thoughts employ
 On Scenes of Triumphs and returning Joy:
 Thus, like the Tide, while her unconstant breast
 Was swell'd with Rapture, by Despair depress'd,
 Fate call'd; The Heroe must his way pursue,
 And her cries lessen'd as the shore withdrew.

The Winds were silent, and the Gentle Main
 Bore an Auspicious Omen of his Reign,
 When Neptune, owning whom those Seas obey,
 Nodded, and bad the chearful Tritons play.
 Each chose a diff'rent Subject for their Lays,
 But Orange was the Burthen of their Praise:
 By the bold Youth, Himself a Warrior,
 Some

Some in their strains up to the Fountain run,
 From whence this stream of Vertue first begun;
 Others chose Heroes of a later date,
 And sung the * *Founder* of the neighb'ring State, * *William.*
 How daringly he Tyranny withstood,
 And seal'd his Country's freedom with his Blood.
 Then to the two illustrious † *Brethren* came, † *Maurice and Henry.*
 The glorious Rivals of their Father's Fame:
 And to the || *Youth*, whose pregnant hopes out-ran || *William.*
 The steps of Time, and early shew'd the Man,
 For whose Alliance Monarchs did contend,
 And gave a Daughter to secure a Friend.
 But as, by Nature's Law, the Phoenix dies,
 That from its Urn a Nobler Bird may rise,
 So fate ordain'd the Parent soon shou'd set
 To make the Glories of * *his Heir* compleat. * His present Majesty;

At *William's* Name each fill'd his vocal shell,
 And on the happy Sound rejoic'd to dwell;
 Some sung his Birth, and how discerning Fate
 Sav'd Infant Vertue against powerful hate,
 Of pois'nous Snakes by young *Alcides* quell'd,
 And *Palms* that spread the more, the more with-held.
 Some sung *Seneffe*, and early Wonders done
 By the bold Youth, Himself a War Alone;

And

And how his firmer Courage did oppose
 His Country's foreign and intestine Foes,
 The *Lion* He who held their *Arrows* close,
 Others sung *Persens*, and the injur'd Maid,
 Redeem'd by the wing'd Warrior's timely Aid;
 Or in mysterious Numbers did unfold
 Sad modern truths wrapt up in tales of old,
 How *Saturn*, flush'd with Arbitrary Power,
 Design'd his Lawful Issue to devour,
 But *Jove*, (reserv'd for better fate) withstood
 The black Contrivance of the doating God;
 With Arms he came, His guilty Father fled,
 ('Twas *Italy* secur'd his frighted Head)
 And by his Flight resign'd his empty Throne
 And Tripple Empire to his Worthier Son.

Then in one note their Artful force they joyn,
 Eager to reach the *Victor* and the *Boyne*;
 How on the wond'ring Bank the Heroe stood,
 Lavishly bold and desperately Good;
 Till fate, designing to convince the Brave
 That they can dare no more than Heav'n can save,
 Let Death approach, and yet with-held the sting,
 Wounded the *Man*, distinguishing the *King*.

C

They

They had enlarg'd, but found the strain too strong,
 And in soft notes allay'd the bolder Song:
 Flow, gentle *Boyne*, (they cry'd) and round thy Bed
 For ever may victorious Wreaths be spread;
 No more may Travellers desire to know
 Where *Simois* and *Granien* did flow;
 Nor *Rubicon*, a poor forgotten Stream,
 Be, or the Soldiers rant, or Poet's theme;
 All Waters shall unite their Fame in Thee,
 Lost in thy Waves as thine are in the Sea.

They breath'd afresh, unwilling to give o'er;
 And begg'd thick mists long to conceal the shore;
 Smooth was the Liquid Plain; the sleeping Wind,
 More to the Sea, than to its Master, kind,
 Detain'd a Treasure, which we value more
 Than All the Deep e're hid, or Waters bore.
 But He, with a Superior Genius born,
 Treats Chance with Insolence, and Death with Scorn,
 Darknes and Ice in vain obstruct his way,
Holland is near, and *Nature* must obey;
 Charg'd with our hopes the Boat Securely rode,
 For *Cæsar* and *His Fortune* were the Load.

With

With eager transport *Belgia* met her Son,
 Yet trembling for the danger He had run;
 Till, certain of her Joy, she bow'd her Head,
 Confest her Lord, blest his return, and said,

If Passion by long Absence does improve,
 And makes that Rapture which before was Love,
 Think on my old, my intermitted bliss,
 And by my former pleasure measure this;
 Not by these feeble Pillars which I raise,
 Unequal to sustain the Heroe's praise,
 Too faint the Colours, and too mean the Art
 To represent Your Glories, or my Heart:
 These humble Emblems are design'd to shew,
 Not how we wou'd Reward, but what we Owe.
 Here from your Childhood take a short review
 How *Holland's* happiness advanc'd with you;
 How her stout Vessel did in Triumph ride,
 And mock'd the storms, while *Orange* was her Guide.
 What since has been our Fate-----I need not say;
 (Ill suiting with the blessings of the day.)
 Our better fortune with our Prince was gone,
 Conquest was only there where He led on.
 Like the *Palladium*, wheresoe'er you go
 You turn all Death and Danger on the Foe.

In you we but too sadly understood
 How Angels have their Spheres of doing good,
 Else the same Soul which did your Troops possess,
 And Crown'd their daring Courage with Success,
 Had taught our Fleet to triumph o'er the Main,
 And *Fleurus* had been still a guiltless Plain.
 What pity 'tis, ye Gods! an arm and mind
 Like Yours, shou'd be to time and place confin'd?
 But Thy return shall fix our kinder fate,
 For Thee our Councils, Thee our Armies wait;
 Discording Princes shall with Thee combine,
 And center all their Interests in Thine;
 Proud of Thy friendship, shall forego their sway,
 As *Rome* Her great Dictator did obey;
 And all united make a *Gordian* knot,
 Which neither Craft shall loose, nor Force shall cut.

ADVERTISEMENT.

AN Epistle to *Charles Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, Lord Chamberlain*
 of His Majesty's Household. Occasioned by His Majesty's late Victory
 in Ireland. By *Charles Montague, Esq;*





AN
EPISTLE
TO

Monfieur Boileau,

Inviting his MUSE to forsake the
FRENCH INTEREST,
And celebrate the
KING of ENGLAND.

BY
EDM. ARWAKER.

LICENSED.

Novemb. 9.
1694.

D. POPLAR.



LONDON,

Printed by *Tho. Warren* for *Francis Saunders*, at the *Blue Anchor*
in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange*, 1694.

AN
EPISTLE

Recd Sept 7 1846
Monticem Boileau
Inviting his MUSE to forsake the
FRENCH INTEREST.

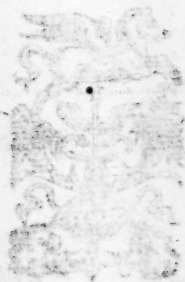
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AN EPISTLE

TO
Monsieur Boileau.

TOO long, Great Man, thy Muse has try'd in vain,
Thy Monarch's sinking Credit to sustain;
And thou too long hast mis-employ'd thy Pen,
To make the *worst* appear the *best* of Men;
A sullied Fame to brighten and refine,
That never did with real Lustre shine.
While, as one, flatter'd by too fair a Glass,
Views but the wanted Beauties of his Face;
So *Lewis*, in thy lofty Praise does see
Not what he is, but what he wants to be,
And he must all his boasted Glories own,
Not from himself deriv'd, but thee alone;
Whose Muse so well does his mean Deeds rehearse,
That he becomes Immortal in thy Verse;
But to thy Verse no lasting Fame can give,
In recompence for what he does receive.
Leave, leave him then to raise his own Renown,
And win the Laurels that his Temples crown:
A better Cause, and nobler Subject chuse,
That may inspire, as it employs, thy Muse;

May with thy elevated Sense agree,
 And copious as thy boundless Fancy be ;
 A Hero, whose bright Fame may gild thy Bays,
 And more thy Name, than thou his Glory raise.

See, see, his Conq'ring Sword great *Nassaw* draws ;
 Not poorly bribes, but merits thy Applause :
 His brave Exploits afford thy Muse a Theme
 Equal to that, as that is worthy them.

The Titles he, in Fame's Records does hold,
 Are purchas'd by his Valour, not his Gold.

He owes his Glory to himself alone,
 And Acquisition makes it all his own.

Whilst *Lewis* rarely does in Arms appear,

Nor then to fight, but follow in the Rear :

Our *Monarch* charging in the Front we see ;

None more expos'd, none less concern'd than he.

Who lets his Soldiers on no Dangers go,

But what, as he commands, he leads them to :

Thus, taught by his Example to obey,

They bravely follow, as he shews the Way.

Not so your King ; he still declines the Fight,

Nor shuns the Danger only, but its Sight ;

Yet with unmerited Success grown vain,

He boasts of Conquests he did never gain.

His Breaches were from Golden Batt'ries made,

And our lost Towns not taken, but betray'd.

Thus when some Place by Purchase is made sure,

His Person, and his Honour too, secure,

Then the triumphant Monarch takes the Field,

And gains the Town that waited so to yield.

This

This makes him with affected Greatness swell,
 And boast his Arms as irresistible;
 His Arches are by such Atchievements rear'd:
 Thus *Lewis* fights, and thus is to be fear'd.

But since he finds the Scene is alter'd now,
 And that his Treasure, as his Courage, low,
 Will not the old prevailing Means afford,
 That more enlarg'd his Conquests, than his Sword,
 He forms no hopeless Siege, makes no Campaigne,
 From which he knows he shall no Honour gain:
 But to the Field has wisely sent his Son,
 To bear the blame of losing what he won;
 For all the Conquest he this Year can boast,
 Is that in Running his Success was most:
 While *Huy*'s reduc'd to serve its Native Lord;
 Not as 'twas lost, but storm'd with Fire and Sword;
 Which proves as irresistible a Pow'r
 In *English* Courage, as *French* Gold before;
 And that our *KING* all Conquest does despise,
 Which any Price but glorious Danger buys.

Now the *French* Army, whose Renown we knew
 More to its Numbers than its Bray'ry due;
 Equall'd in Strength, in Valour is out-done,
 And while *Huy* falls, stands tamely looking on:
 So by Great *William*'s conqu'ring Arms dismay'd,
 The Gen'als durst not venture to its Aid:
 Happy they could their own Intrenchments keep,
 Though dug, to suit their low-sunk Spirits, deep.
 Yet scarce they lost their Apprehension there,
 Nor as from Danger, were secur'd from Fear.

B

Till

Till they, for greater Safety, left the Place
 Not loaden now with Trophies, but Disgrace ;
 Such Conquests *Lewis* this Campaigne has won,
 Such Triumphs Fate decreed his glorious Son.
 But since no Honours from the barren Field
 He reaps, what Laurels did the Ocean yield ?
 That sure his ruin'd Credit will repair,
 And own his long-pretended Power there.
 But as if both the Elements agreed
 From his usurp'd Dominion to be freed,
 The Sea no longer Tribute does afford,
 But justly pays it to the ancient Lord.
 Whose conqu'ring Fleets assert their native Right,
 While the *French* Navy shuns the dreaded Sight.
 And sees it self in its own Ports confin'd,
 By Fear more pow'rful than an adverse Wind.
 So when the scaly Sov'reign of the Seas,
 Himself within his liquid Realm does please,
 And with swift Finns ranges the briny Flood :
 To take his Pastime there ; or seek his Food.
 His frightned Vassals hide their shining Heads,
 In the kind Covert of concealing Weeds.

Our floating Squadrons now their Right regain,
 And unobstructed wanton through the Main,
 Insult the *Gallick* Coasts, and their just Rage
 With Sacrifice of flaming Towns assuage :
 Whose sable Smoak ascending to the Sky,
 Mourns for the Structures that in Ashes ly.
 While strange Confusion spread along the Shore,
 Makes *England's* Pow'r rever'd as heretofore.

Nor does one Fleet alone her Fame advance,
 The Joys in *Spain* equal the Fears in *France*,
 And *Barcellona* all Attempts defies,
 While on our *Monarch's* Succour she relies,
 And shelter'd by his Navy's spreading Wings,
 She triumphs in the sure Defence it brings.
 Thus *Spain* by our *Elisa* shook before,
 Is now supported by Great *William's* Pow'r.
 Then in his Praises let fam'd *Boileau* join,
 And to his Side, like Victory, incline :
 Whose daring Soul, and ever-conqu'ring Sword
 Will endless Matter for thy Verse afford :
 But if thou wilt a servile Labour chuse,
 Where *Arbitrary Pow'r* enslaves thy Muse ;
 And does thy Thoughts to narrow Bounds confine,
 Which Heav'n for boundless Subjects did design :
 Know, our fam'd Prince can his own Trophies raise,
 And courts as little as he wants thy Praise.
 Nor, if such Means his Glory could advance,
 Wou'd he have need to be oblig'd to *France* :
 Since his own Realms abound with Men of Sence,
 And famous for Poetick Excellence.
 Whose lofty Verse your humble Strain exceeds,
 As much as his your meaner Patron's Deeds.
 Witness the Muse that first in Songs Divine,
 Describ'd his Fight and Conquest at the *Boyne*.
 That which most pleas'd, was difficult to tell,
 The Field so bravely won, or sung so well.
 Witness that happy Pen that did relate
 His glorious Voyage to the *Belgick* State ;

And

And gave the World a Proof with how much Fire
 Our Poets write when them our Kings inspire.
 But our Great Monarch's Praises shou'd no more,
 Than his large Soul be bounded by our Shore;
 Far as his Victories, his spreading Fame shou'd sound,
 And be in every Tongue, as every Land renown'd;
 Then, *Boileau*, let thy Muse begin her lofty Flight,
 Tho' she must still despair to reach the wondrous Height.

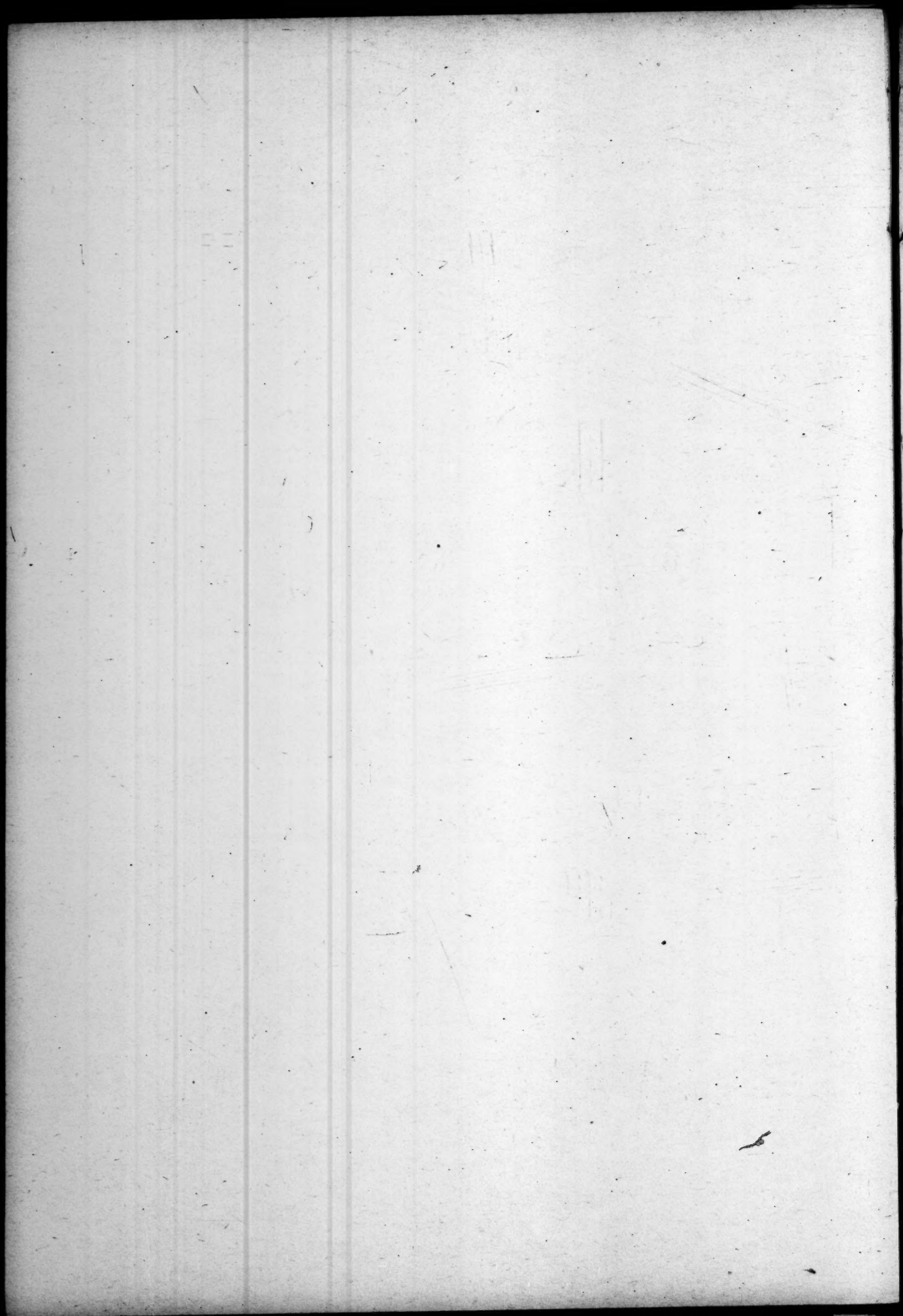
F I N I S.

AN Epistle to the Right Honourable *Charles* Earl of *Dorset* and *Middlesex*, Lord Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household: Occasion'd by His Majesty's Victory in *Ireland*.

An Epistle to *Charles Montague* Esq; on his Majesty's Voyage to *Holland*; by *George Stepney*.

The Life of *Alexander* the Great, by *Quintus Curtius*: Translated into *English* by several Hands, and Dedicated to the Queen, by *N. Tate*, Servant to Their Majesties.





A
P O E M

ON THE LATE
P R O M O T I O N
O F S E V E R A L

Eminent Persons

I N
C H U R C H and S T A T E.

By N. T A T E, Servant to Their Majesties.

— *Magnum mihi panditur æquor,
Ipsaque Pierios lassant Proclivia Currus*
L A U D I B U S innumeris. — Claud.

L O N D O N;

Printed for Richard Baldwin, near the Oxford-Arms
in Warwick-Lane. 1694.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
CHARLES

EARL of *Dorset* and *Middlesex*; Lord Chamberlain of Their Majesties Household, &c.

MY LORD,

WITH conscious Fear my Muse approaches You,
Wit's ablest Judge, and best Example too.

In Modesty your sight she should decline ;
The only Barren Thing on which You shine !
To Your's Aspiring, and her Countrey's Praise,
Deserting Strength her ripe Design betrays.
Yet see how Duty, with resistless Spells,
To fresh Attempts a Loyal Heart Compels !
Since Britain's Worthies their just Orbs sustain,
And loud Applause resounds from ev'ry Plain ;
Our British Bards the only silent Throng ;
Rage burry'd me on this advent'rous Song.

But oh! my Zeal forgot such Themes requir'd,
The Force and Fury of a Breast Inspir'd.
Yet these weak Streins may to a Nobler Flight
Provoke those Muses whom they can't invite.
To Them shall, safely, Fame these Figures trust,
Whose Lustre is in my dead Colours lost.
How warmly They each Character shall trace,
Set off with proper Lights and Native Grace!
Then higher Soar, and urging their Success,
Our great Augustus Court to life express;
In which Illustrious Sphere, with Forms Divine,
Shall our Agrippa and Mecænas Shine.
That Work commenc'd, how pleas'd shall I Retire!
And at just Distance silently Admire;
Content and Proud the Skilful to have mov'd,
And see my rude Design so well improv'd.
Ev'n so blind Chance, the Art of Musick found,
A rustling Wind amongst the Reeds did sound;
That Noise Instructed Shepherds first to Frame
The Tuneful Pipe, that since gave Shepherds Fame.

A P O

P O E M
O N T H E
Late Promotions, &c.

AS Joyful Nature, who till then lay mure,
Did the first Sun's exalted Beams admire;
So Britain, rescu'd from the fullen Cloud
That seem'd her new-created Face to shrowd,
Beholds, at once Transported and Amaz'd,
To proper Spheres her Brightest Planets rais'd.

Our Monarch, who best knew their Use and Pow'r,
Reserv'd their Influence for the Prosp'rous Hour:
Whose Aspects now a strong Direction joins,
When Tyranizing Saturn's Course declines.
Thus Kings, whose Actions are to Heav'n ally'd,
Like Providence, by Time are justify'd.

Easy at Home their Task, when Peace combines
 With Pious Kings, and favours their Designs :
 Ours, prest with War, and sinking *Europe's* Weight,
 Finds Leisure to Adorn our CHURCH and STATE.

N O W, like the Visionary Matron, rears
Eusebia her calm Forehead crown'd with tears.
 O'rejoy'd her Consecrated Sons appear,
 (Those Sons that hold their Mother's Honour dear)
 To see the Past'ral Chair by Him supply'd,
 For whom the Voice of Angels would decide.
 In his Promotion Vice her Downfal read,
 She rav'd to find the MITRE on that Head :
 Her Venom swell'd to see, of Piety
 So Charming an Example plac'd so High ;
 Whose Influence, her Fears presag'd, wou'd make
 The Age reform, and her dark Empire shake.
 Preferment sought Him, (Worthless Spir'its intrude,
 But Modest Merit must by Kings be woo'd.)
 He, slow consenting, to the Temple's Sway
 Aspir'd not, but did *Cæsar's* Will Obey.
 While *Cæsar* did, who only could, prescribe,
 He in meer Duty Rules the Sacred Tribe.
 His Moderation, Charity Divine,
 Led to this Choice our Gen'rous *Constantine*.
 Whose Genius, while the CROSIER there he plac'd,
 His own Hereditary Virtues grac'd.

Whose

Whose Clemency mistaken Zeal does spare,
 To Conscience, Tender ; as to Crimes, Severe.
Cæsar, these Charms can only Thrones sustain,
 And you in These without a Rival Reign.
 O Friend of Nations ! None you hold for Foes,
 Except the Troublers of the World's Repose.
 Just is your Rage ; oh ! may as Just Success
 Attend Your Arms, till You Mankind redress :
 Till harri'd *Europe* safe at Rest is laid ,
 As slept first Mortals in their *Sylvan* shade.

The Muse, her Visit to the Temple paid ,
 Comes forth, where Peals of Joy her Ear invade.
 What charming Pomp such Transports can create ?
 Lo ! *SOMMERS* with the Emblems of his State !
 How justly, Heaven, are now those Trophies born
 Before such Worth, in suitable Return ,
 Adorning Him, who *Britain* do's adorn !
 A Poet's Genius should be all on Fire ;
 What Extasies should his rais'd Soul inspire ?
 When Crouds, at Sight of Him, can Rapture feel ;
 See how they press to Gaze, and load his Chariot-wheel !
 To fetter'd Numbers how shall be confin'd
 The compass of His Comprehensive Mind !
 Sense, Reason, Musick, in his Language throng ,
 The Graces fit Assembled on his Tongue ;

Whose

Whose Accents *ev'n* the flying Winds surprize,
 Who watch their Birth, and bear 'em to the Skies.
 The Muses, who severer Arts profess,
 By Him are Cherish'd, ne'er deny'd Access:
 Only the Idle, and the Singing Crew,
 Chid from his Presence, long long since withdrew.
 In Youth, their Lawrels at his Feet they laid,
 To Court Him, all their Syren-Charms display'd;
 Which like *Ulysses* wisely He contemn'd,
 And, Tacking off, the Tide of Business stemm'd.
 'Twould beggar Thought and Language both, to raise
 The full proportion'd Tribute of his Praise.
 Whom, through all Provinces of Learning crown'd,
 Transcendent Virtues render more renown'd.
 Justice do's, visible, from Heav'n repair;
 Unveil'd she comes, and takes with Him the Chair.
 When him on the relieving Bench you see,
 Without a Trope, say, — There sits *EQUITY*.

Next, were my Strength proportion'd to my Zeal,
 I'd sing the Guardian of the *Privy-Seal*.
 On *PEMBROOK*, what can Court or State confer
 Beyond his Knowledge, or his Virtue's Sphere?
 Who, like the Sun, the higher he ascends,
 But further warms, and more his Beams extends.
 In Private Actions, as in Publick Trust,
 To Honour's Scheme so regularly just;

That his whole Soul but seems a Model fram'd
 By those rare Arts in which his Skill is fam'd.
 Whose Judgment the best Pencil can direct ;
 In Symetry instruct the Architect.
 Whose Rays can Light to Time's dark Relicts give,
 And from the Grave Antiquity retrieve.
 O Sacred Faculty ! whose Pow'r transcends
 Life's Territories, and the Dead befriends.
 Blest Genius ! who Past Ages can renew,
 And Ours transmit to All that shall ensue.
 Who ev'ry Science, and so early, gain'd,
 As Heav'n Inspir'd, not Industry Obtain'd.
 Vast Ocean, that from ev'ry Channel draws,
 From Statesmen, Schools, Divine and Human Laws.
 To Worth deprest, and injur'd Right, his Ear
 Is ever open, and his Heart sincere.
 O Piety ! O Truth without a Stain !
 Reserv'd by Heav'n for *William's* Sacred Reign.

When Nature in the Body does maintain
 Free intercourse between the Heart and Brain,
 The Veins with Vital Spirits are supply'd,
 And briskly circulates the Sanguine Tide :
 Each vig'rous Limb, ungriev'd, its Labour bears,
 And Joy Triumphant in the Face appears ;
 So Healthful, so Transported, looks the Realm,
 Where SHREWSBURY and TRENCHARD sit at Helm.

If TRENCHARD singly could sustain the Weight,
 And from declining long support the State,
 O what, when SHREWSBURY's with him assign'd!
Atlas and Hercules together join'd.

TRENCHARD, who, Young, and in his private Sphere,
 For *Britain's* Rescue could so Nobly dare :
 Forgetting Youth's Diversions, could engage
 For Publick Safety, — What may we presage,
 From Skill, which ablest Discipline has wrought,
 By Suff'rings, Time, and Observation, taught !

How, SHREWSBURY, for thy Return to State,
 And once more condescending to be Great,
 Shall my weak Muse assume the mighty Tone ?
 How eccho back the Joy by Nations shown,
 Whose Breath wants Compass to express her Own ?
 Yet Oh ! would Strength with my Desires comply,
 My Song a *Dytherambick* Pitch should fly :
 Pursuing thy just Praises to the Skies,
 But they tow'r swift, and I want Wings to rise.
 Immortal Streins should *Cæsar's* Darling grace ;
 The Worthiest Heir of TALBOT's Noble Race.
 With gen'ral Thanks (for all your Absence mourn'd,)
 We bless, at once, our Hopes and You return'd.
 So *Rome*, distress'd, in one united Swarm
 Welcom'd her great Dictator from his Farm.

These Worthies, *Britain*, for thy Glory born,
 And Numbers more thy happy Realm adorn.

Turn,

Turn, turn your Eye to bright *Augusta's* Pile;
 See how her Sons, see how her Fabricks smile.
 Ages were told by that Imperial Dame,
 E're *Rome* determin'd her disputed Name.
 Who Tyrant *Rome* in *Just* Renown excell'd,
 As far as *Thames* above the *Tyber* swell'd.
 Her Scituation boasts no empty Height,
 No Barren Mountains to support her Weight :
 From *Thames* his Bank contented to look down,
 And see the Treasures of the World her own.
 Kind Stars could to her Blessings add no more,
 But to secure what they conferr'd before :
 'Tis done: — Her Laws, her Rights by Publick Voice
 Were fix'd, when *ASHHURST* was her Guardian Choice.
 All that her Hopes or utmost Wish could crave,
 She to her self in that Election gave.
 'Twas Then Fate snatch'd the Wheel from Fortune's Hand,
 And charm'd it fast. — Thus utt'ring her Command,
 At this Ascendant, my *Augusta*, — Stand.
 For whom should her Consenting Votes engage
 But *ASHHURST*? the *Fabricius* of our Age.
 Sprung from a Patriot-Race of old Renown,
 He centres all their Glories in his Own.
 On Him, with Measure unconfin'd, did fall,
 That Publick Spirit which inspir'd them All.
Augusta, to thy grateful Sons and Thee,
 For ever Sacred let his Trophies be ;
 The boldest Champion of your Liberty.

(For

For Peace can Courage boast with Triumphs crown'd,
 That loud, as those obtain'd by War, resound :
 Whose Gilded Lawrels too, are full as good,
 In Fame's Esteem, as Lawrels dy'd in Blood.
 Him, in her Chair, the City finds so Just,
 That she repines 'tis but an Annual Trust :
 Which, by th' Effects of his Industrious Skill,
 Ev'n when Retir'd, he yet shall seem to Fill.
 His Methods and Example shall prevail,
 And Blessings on succeeding Reigns entail.
 For *Virtue*, that does lasting Fruit intend,
 And does, like His, its utmost Force extend,
 In One Year's space whole Ages can befriend.

Behold the hurry'ng Crowd from ev'ry Street
 Press to the *Thames* some Pageantry to meet.
 Lo there in wondrous Pomp blue Tritons ride,
 And Sea-Nymphs entring with the swelling Tide.
 Advanc'd before our Senate-House, they call
 For RUSSEL, their Victorious Admiral.
 Envoys to him they come, and seem to say,
Neptune his ready Homage waits to pay,
 And *Thetis* grows impatient of his stay.
 Blessings attend your Counsels (thus they sing)
 Great Britain's Senate, may your Gen'rous Spring
 Of Tribute, for the Publick Safety, rise,
 As full and fast as ours the *Thames* supplies;

Who

Who finds, in circling Trade, his just return,
 And blesses the Expences of his Urn.
 Let RUSSEL still Command, and still the Main
 To Britain his old Duty shall retain ;
 Still serve the Isle, which he, embracing laves,
 With Loyalty as Ancient as his Waves.
 Whose full Assembly did your Votes resound,
 When You his Courage and his Conduct own'd.
 O Sea's great Hero ! to thy Fleet repair,
 And see the ready Harvest of thy Care.
 A cheerful Crew of Sailors doubly Fir'd,
 By Native Valour, and by You inspir'd :
 Through ev'ry Squadron plenteous Stores convey'd ;
 Their Flags and Streamers Gallantly display'd.
 A flowing Tide and Winds presenting fair,
 Or will at least when RUSSEL does appear.

French Pyrates snatch'd our Seas unguarded Wealth,
 As *Cacus* the *Herculean* Herd, by Stealth :
 The Hero's Absence that advantage gave ;
 But he returning Sack'd the Robbers Cave.
 In vain the treacherous Den with Rock was Barr'd,
 Which Fire and Smoak cou'd now no longer Guard.
 The Rest, secur'd by shameful Odds, Engage ;
Tourville alone cou'd boast a gen'rous Rage.
 Nor unrenown'd his glitt'ring *Sun* is sett,
 That RUSSEL, and *Britannia's* Lightning met.

'Twas Fame enough to dare, though forc'd to shrow'd
 Her vanquish'd Glories in a shelt'ring Cloud.
 With Terrors Threatning Pomp display'd they came,
 Tempest-resembling Fury, Noise, and Flame,
 Enough to have Astonish'd and O'rethrown
 A Foe, not Arm'd with greater of his Own.
 But urg'd the Fate that such Presumption crav'd,
 When, *Cæsar*, they your Naval Thunder Brav'd.
 So rash *Salmones*, while with *Jove* he Vy'd,
 Fell by that Thunderbolt, which he Defy'd.

From Sea, the Muse our distant Camp does view ;
 But drops her Wing o're charg'd with briny Dew.
 From her own *Britain* too, remov'd too far,
 Where *Cæsar* waits Fame's Summons to the War ;
 And O R M O N D (His as *Cæsar Ormond's* Care)
 Prepares his Danger and Renown to share.
 Whose Wounded Breast shall future Ages Charm,
 Together Sung with W I L L I A M 's Wounded Arm.
 Shine Bright ye Stars, who kindly did divert
 The Piercing Ponyard from that Gen'rous Heart.
 Muse, Crown his Brow, but make his Lawrel wreath
 As Mild and Sweet, as Morning Roses Breath ;
 Who Clemency to Courage reconciles,
 And in whose Face delighted Nature smiles.
 The Graces early Nurs'd whom they decreed
 Their former Darling O R M O N D to succeed :

Illustrious

Illustrious *Offery's* expiring Breath,
 Did him his Fame and Virtues Stock bequeath.
 Thus to *Elysian* Fields the *Phoenix* Fled,
 To his Successor leaves a Spicy Bed.
 The Royal Eagle all the Noble Quire,
 The Wondrous Heir of the *Sun's* Bird Admire.

From Fairy Land great *Spencers* shade shall rise,
 And *Milton* from his Dream of Paradise;
 To Charm the *Boyne*, and then the *Shannon's* Stream,
William their First, and T A L M A S H their next Theme.

Of Num'rous Worthies more our Lists can boast;
 But who has Breath to Count that Starry Host?
 The Muse who can that *Galaxie* recite,
 May too the Princely *Constellation* Write;
 Whom *Britain's Jupiter*, Presiding, draws,
 And joins their Aspects in the Common Cause.
 The Cause that *Europe's* Heroes did employ,
 Of old Combining to demolish *Troy*.
 For *Helen's* Rape, that Arm'd the Pow'rs of *Greece*,
 Was but a Type of Violated Peace,

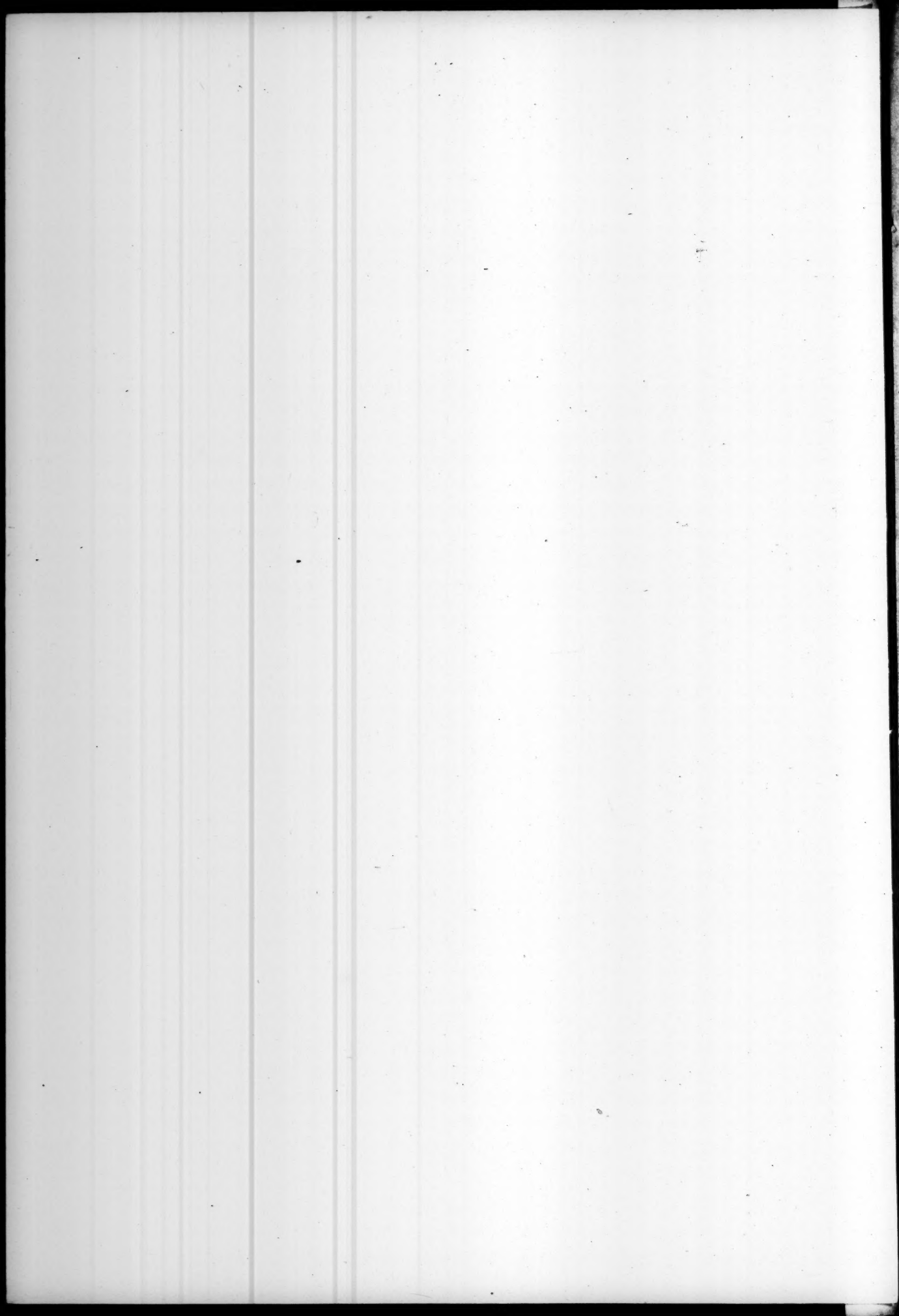
'Tis fix'd ----- Behold the happy promis'd Day
 Already Plum'd, and on his Glorious Way,
 With Triumphs charg'd, that shall once more invite
 The gen'rous Muse that Sung the *Boyne*, to Write.

Themes

Themes Sacred, and by Fame reserv'd intire
 For MONTAGUE's inimitable Fire :
 Fancy that can to Clouds of smoke give Light,
 And trace a Hero through the dusky Fight.
 Then, swift and glorious as the Conquest, bring
 The News to Court on Rapture's Sacred Wing.
 And shifting quick the Scene from Wars Alarms,
 In breathing drafts express *Maria's* Charms.
 Adorn'd with Innocence and Beauty's Beams,
 Like *Venus* first Ascending from the Streams :
 Or *Phæbe* in her Empire of the Skye,
 Mildly Majestick, and serenely High !

Oh ! when for such Illustrious Themes and Wit,
 His Country's *Service* Leisure can permit ;
 When from his Task of State he *may* retire,
 Th' inspiring Heat resuming with his Lyre ;
 Not Summer-Breezes shall delight us more ;
 Nor Waves that gently break upon the shore :
 Nor Vocal Rills, that through the Valley stray,
 Harmoniously Disputing all their Way.

F I N I S.



*A POEM Occasion'd by the Happy Discovery of the
Horrid and Barbarous Conspiracy to Assassinate his most
Sacred Majesty, and to incourage an Invasion from
France.*

NO W Blessings on you all, ye Powers above,
Ye flaming Ministers of mighty Love;
You whose untainted Loyalty withstood
The fiercest efforts of th' old Plotting Brood;
Whose Host embatled under *Michael's* Care,
Drove from Heavens fluid Plains the first rebellious War.
Once more your guarding Influence we own,
So oft, and now so critically shown.
And oh! inspire my Song, your Charge I sing,
Your darling Charge, to shield a Pious King.
Say then how partial Heaven hath been of late,
In showring Blessings on our sinking State?
Did Treachery e'er so justly claim its aid,
Since that, by which both Devils and Hell were made?

Scarce oftner to the chosen Seed ye went,
With such kind-merciful Commissions sent,
They found the Father more in Chastisement. }
Midst *Ægypt's* Plagues rais'd by the powerful Rod,
And all the great Artillery of God;
Goshen enjoy'd its light and health, was free
From the dire Plagues, but mourn'd in Slavery.

More blest our Isle, which fruitful Peace hath chose
The safe Retirement of her long repose:
Alarm'd by distant dangers only, she
Sits safe i'th' Consecrated Circle of her Sea.

Through Desarts wast great *Joshua's* Journey lay,
Ye march't i'th' Front, and made unnatural day;
A second Darknes between *Ægypt's* Host
And his ye spread, in which all tracks were lost.

Oft for Great *William* you perform the same,
And guard him through the dangerous Paths of Fame;
Where few dare follow, and where none can aid,
But you, that are of liquid texture made,
As Air invulnerable.

And scarcely You could the swift Globe divert,
So truly level'd at his noble Heart:
For well ye knew with what impetuous force
The missive Death moves in its rapid course;

A

Since

Since when it drove you to a forc'd retreat,
 And in God's Cause ye endur'd a short defeat;
 But ye did ward it, and the tender Blow
 Made the ~~viral~~ Miracle much greater show;
 The Azure gilt a nobler colour found,
 The deep rich Purple of the Royal Wound.

Unarm'd that day, like Truth, the Monarch stood,
 His Army pale, He red with Rage and Blood,
 Quick through his Troops, as their own Fears, he pass'd
 And turn'd those Fears to generous Rage at last.

Ye left not offner your encreasing Shame
 Of *Hallelujahs*, even to succour Him,
 Who much for Valour, much for Troubles fam'd,
 Long o'er the Jews, a murmuring People reign'd;
 Though doubly he th' Almighty's Impress wore,
 Good after his own Heart, and next to him in Power.
 Nor great those dangers which that Prince did run,
 Since all *Saul's* Plots however nicely spun,
 Scap'd not the watchful Friendship of the Son:
 That noble Son, who scorn'd a *Russians* name,
 For his Sire's Crown, or his own future claim.
 Yet ne'er did Treachery in *Saul's* Breast appear,
 Till Heaven had left it and all Hell was there:
 But not even then would he by Proxy kill,
 He boldly dar'd to act what he durst will;
 No meaner hand the pointed Javelin threw,
 Than that which *Saul* himself at *Giboa* slew.

Horrid indeed and new, that great intent,
 Which once against our Senate-House was meant;
 Had not You timely interpos'd your aid,
 What a wide *Golgotha* had then been made!
 There Stones, Skulls, Rapiers, mangled Limbs, would form
 The dire ingredients of th' unnatural form.
 Royal and Noble blood had mingled there,
 And fall'n a dismal shower through the dark wounded Air.

But then our Island fear'd no foreign Chain,
 From rising *France*, or from declining *Spain*.
 Now Hell improv'd hath rais'd our danger higher,
 Freedom with its Defender must expire.
 Freedom! by all the Sweets of thy dear Name,
 By all thy Charms, stronger than those of Fame,
 Or Beauty, hear me swear; I'd chuse to live
 Obscure, but blest with thy Prerogative,
 Rather than suffer the grand Monarchs Fate,
 And to become so Guilty, and so Great.

Like

Like *Hannibal*, he on our Coast appears,
 And who his Faith less than the *Punick* fears?
 In whose Cause e'er the Conquest he had won,
 The Tyrant had enslav'd us in his own,
 Degenerate Off-spring of a Nation free,
 Tenacious of its ancient Liberty!
 That could that noble Privilege betray,
 Though the vast Bribe both *Indies* were to pay.
 When impious *Corah* did of old rebel,
 Alive the Wretch translated was to Hell;
 And *Corah's* be their Fate,
 That reeking in a murder'd Monarch's gore,
 Could meet their Brother Cut-throats on our shore.
 If her own Sons, poor *Albion* thus expose,
 What would she not have felt from foreign Foes?
 Who can describe their Miseries, that at once
 Must suffer under Jesuits and Dragoons?
 Those would our Conscience, these our Bodies sway,
 And even to fight, would be to disobey.
 The toiling Slave must all his gains disburse
 To the Priests tricks, or barbarous Souldiers force.
 If any could from wretched *Albion* fly,
 No Kingdom could afford him Liberty,
 All *Europe* must submit to the hard Slavery,
 Mild was the Oppression in the Conquering Reigns,
 Of *Romans*, *Saxons*, *Normans*, or the *Danes*.
 Few Arts they knew destructive of Mankind,
 By *Rome*, and *France*, and Hell of late refin'd.
 What Blood had stain'd and swell'd the blushing *Thames*,
 Reflecting gloomily *Augusta's* Flames.
 The brib'd Artillery too fierce Balls had sent,
 And glowing to assist the raging Element.
 Thus had the great *Emporium* of our Isle,
 Flam'd for its Lord, a mighty Funeral Pile.
 What Plague, and Fire, in two years had not done,
 Had been perform'd now in two days alone.
 Slow Desolation, and a lingring Fate
 Had surely seiz'd the distant parts, though late.
 Rapes, Plunders, Contributions, then had been
 Throughout the unhappy Isle, one dismal Scene.
 So 'tis with Men in an acute Disease,
 Whom token'd Plagues, or fiery Fevers seize;
 Quick as their trembling Pulse, or panting Breath,
 Are the approaches then of sudden Death.
 But when Fate forms a tedious Blockade,
 Its Hectick steps are by Consumptions made:

The

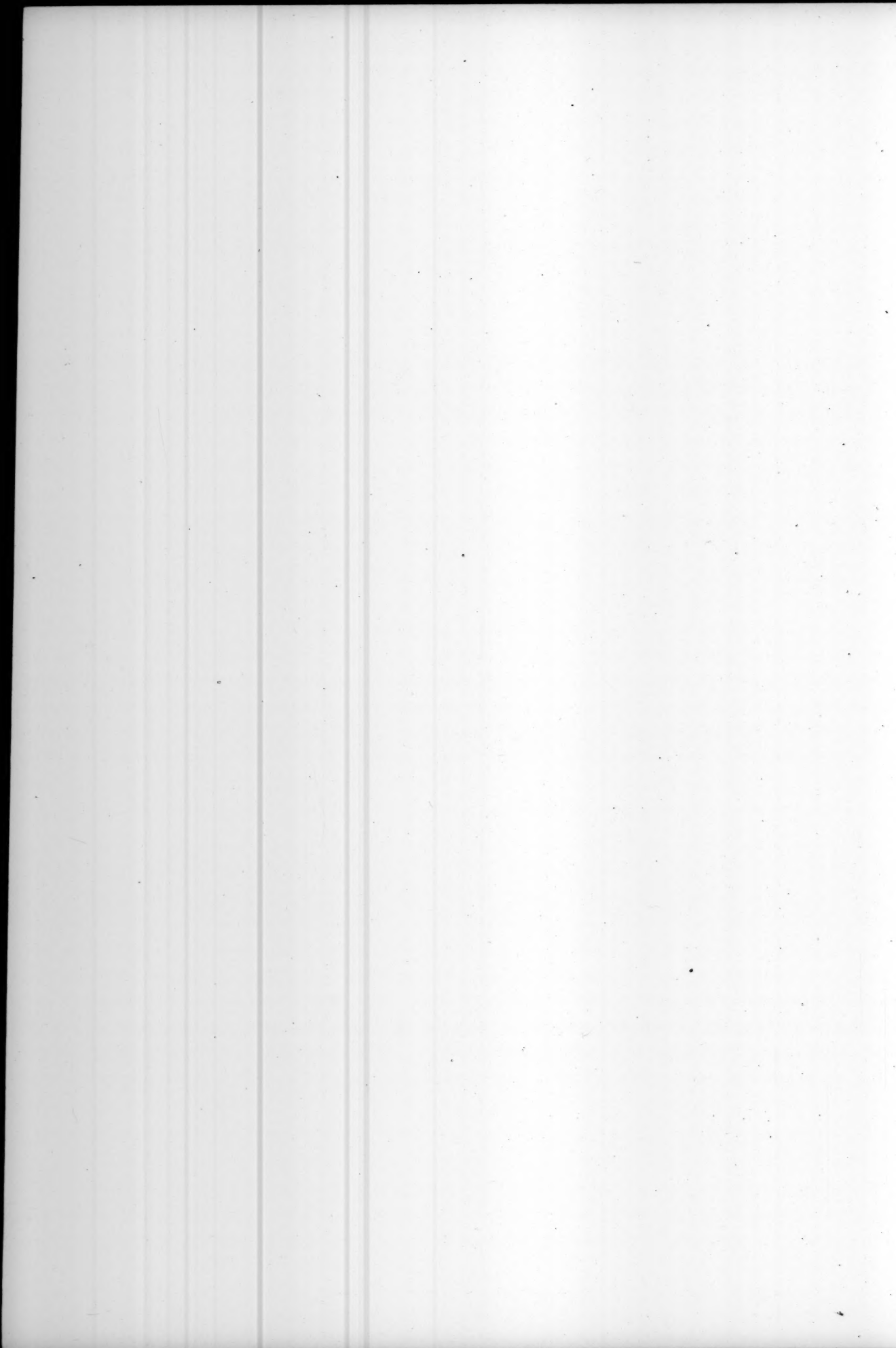
The fleshy Outworks by degrees consume,
And Skeletons receive the Conquerour's doom.

Say next, what dread on your dim Foreheads fate,
When ye beheld so near th'impending Fate.
In slow flat Notes ye mournful Anthems sung,
Harmonious Grief dwelt on each trembling tongue.
Did ye not fear, as Angels can, for Him,
Whom Tyrants dread more than their Subjects them?
For him, who knows no fear, but whose Defence
In War is Valour, in Peace Innocence;
For him, whose shining Sword with constant Pains,
Cuts through the Gordian Knots of servile Chains:
Who's Great, to be more Good in Victory,
He Wounds to heal, and Conquers to set free.
Doubly his hand prevails, when arm'd in War,
In Peace, when lifted up in pious Prayer.
So *Moses* from the Hill both Hosts survey'd
With the same warmth great *Joshua* fought, he pray'd;
Fresh Courage from his Arm each Souldier took,
Faintness his Limbs, and Fear his heart forfook;
The Powers that in those Chiefs divided lay,
United in our King, secure the glorious day.
So Just, so Good, so Brave, to him alone
All such shall be compar'd, himself to none.
This know the Kings, whose truest Characters
Will be our generous Hero's in reverse.

Let then Blasphemous Epithets Proclaim,
The mighty Monarchs loud, but blasted, Fame;
The *Gallie* Muses Trophies raise in vain,
False is th' Applause, their Numbers all prophane.
The subject will require true Poetry,
Where all the nauseous Praise must Fiction be.
Extorted Gold th' Oppressor's Power doth raise,
That purchases his Conquests, and their Praise;
Let breathing stone express the looks divine,
And *Persian* Fires around the Marble shine:
If open War and noble dangers call,
Cold as his Statue sits the Original;
By other hands he gains mean Victories,
And only dares in Person Tyrannize.
Whilst Mighty *William* in a juster Cause,
His Conquering Sword with nobler Anger draws;
And dares the utmost Malice of his Foes,
In the wide Field his Rightful Claim t' oppose.

F I N I S.

ONT



A N
O D E

In Memory of Her Late Majesty
Queen MARY:

By a Person of Quality.

*Poema
Est Pictura Loquens.*

I.

Long our divided State
Hung in the Ballance of a doubtful Fate,
When One bright Nymph the gath'ring Clouds dispell'd,
And all the Griets of *Albion* Heal'd.
Her the United Land Obey'd,
No more to Jealousies inclin'd,
Nor fearing Pow'r with so much Virtue join'd;
She knew her Task, and nicely understood
To what Intention Kings are made,
Not for their own, but for their Peoples good;
'Twas that prevailing Argument alone,
Determin'd Her to fill the Vacant Throne:
And yet with Sadness she beheld
A Crown devolving on her Head,
(By the Excesses of a Prince mislead)
When by her Royal Birth compell'd

B

To

To what her God, and what her Country claim'd,
(Tho' by a Servile Faction blam'd)
How graceful were the Tears she shed!

II.

When waiting only for a Wind,
Against our Isle the Pow'r of *France* was Arm'd,
Her Ruling Arts in all their Lustre shin'd;
The Winds themselves were by Her influence Charm'd:
Whilst Her Authority and Care supply'd
That Safety which the want of Troops deny'd.

Secure and Undisturb'd the Scene
Of *Albion* seem'd, and like Her Eyes, Serene,
Vain was th' Invader's Force, Revenge, and Pride,
Maria Reign'd, and Heav'n was on our side.

The Sceptre, by Her Self unsought,
Gave double Proofs of Her Heroick Mind;
With Skill she sway'd it, and with Ease resign'd;
So the Dictator, from Retirement brought,
Repell'd the Danger that did *Rome* Alarm,
And then return'd contented to his Farm.

III.

Fatal to the Fair and Young,
Accurst Disease, how long

Have wretched Mothers mourn'd thy Rage,
Rob'd of the Hopes and Comfort of their Age?

From the Unhappy Lover's side
How often hast thou torn the Blooming Bride!
Now like a Tyrant, rising by degrees
To worse Extreams, and blacker Villanies,

*The Small Pox
is said to have
Reign'd in Eu-
rope about
250 Years.*

Practis'd in Ruin for some * Ages past,
Thou hast brought forth a Gen'ral one at last!

Common Disasters sorrow raise,

But Heav'n's severest Frowns amaze!

The QUEEN ————— a Word, a Sound,
Of Nations once the Hope, and firm Support,
Wealth of the Needy, Guard of the Opprest,
The Joy of All, the Wisest and the Best;

A Name that Echoes did rebound
With loud Applause from Neighb'ring Shores,
(Their Admiration; the Delight of Ours)

Becomes Unutterable now!

The

The Crowds in that dejected Court
 Where Languishing *M A R I A* lay,
 Want Pow'r to ask the News they came to know,
 Silent their drooping Heads they bow;
 Silence it self proclaims th' approaching Woe!
 Ev'n He (*M A R I A*'s latest Care)
 Whom Winter Seasons nor * Contending *Jove*,
 Nor watchful Fleets could from his glorious Purpose move,
 Intrepid in the Storms of War,
 And in the midst of Flying Deaths sedate,
 Now Trembles, now He sinks beneath the mighty Weight;
 The Hero to the Man gives way.

* Soul-Wea-
ther.

I V.

Unhappy Isle, for half an Age a Prey
 To fierce Dissention or Despotick Sway,
 Redeem'd from Anarchy to be Undone
 By the mistaken Measures of the Throne;
 Thy Monarchs meditating dark Designs,
 Or boldly throwing off the Masque,
 (Fond of the Pow'r, unequal to the Task,)
 Thy self without the least remaining signs
 Of Ancient Virtue, so deprav'd,
 As ev'n they wish'd to be Enslav'd,
 What more than Humane Aid
 Could raise Thee from a State so low,
 Protect Thee from thy Self, thy greatest Foe?
 Something Cælestial sure, a Heroine
 Of matchless Form and a Majestick Mien;
 By all Respected, Fear'd, but more belov'd;
 More than Her Laws, Her great Example mov'd:
 The Bounds that in Her God-like Mind
 Were to her Passions set, severely Shin'd,
 But that of doing Good was Unconfin'd:
 So Just, that absolute Command,
 Destructive in another Hand,
 In Hers had chang'd its Nature, had been useful made;
 Oh! Had she longer stay'd!
 Less swiftly to her Native Heav'n retir'd;
 For Her the Harps of *Albion* had been strung,
 Th' Harmonious Nine could never have aspir'd
 To a more Lofly and Immortal Song.

ON THE Late Horrid Conspiracy.

By Mr. STEPHEN.

a Alexander.

b Danius.

c Bessus.

d Ptolemy.

e Pompey.

THE Youth whose Fortune the vast Globe obey'd,
Finding his Royal Enemy betray'd,
And in his Chariot by Vile Hands oppress'd,
With noble Pity, and just Rage possess'd,
Wept at his Fall from so sublime a State,
And by the Traytor's Death reveng'd the Fate
Of Majesty prophan'd — So acted too
The gen'rous *Caesar*, when the Roman knew
A Coward King had treacherously slain
Whom scarce He foil'd on the *Pharsalian* Plain,
The Doom of his fam'd Rival he bemoan'd,
And the base Author of the Crime deplored,
Such were the Virtuous Maxims of the Great,
Free from the servile Arts of barbarous States,
They knew no Foe, but in the open Field,
And to their Cause, and to the Gods appeal'd,
So *WILLIAM* acts — And if his Rivals dare
Dispute his Reign by Arms, Hell meet 'em there,
Where *Jove*, as once on *Ida*, holds the Scale,
And let's the Good, the Just and Brave, prevail.

ADVERTISEMENT

THE Temple of Death, a Poem, by the Marquis of *Down*, Master of the Art of Poetry, made English by the Earl of *Rochester*. The *Death of Sir Robert Howard*: Together with several other Excellent Poems, by the Earls of *Rochester* and *Orrery*; Sir *Charles Sedley*; Sir *George Etheldreda*; the Honorable *John*; *Mr. Granville*; *Mr. Dryden*; *Mr. Chetwood*; and *Mr. Tate*; with several Poems by the Honourable *Madam Wharton*.

